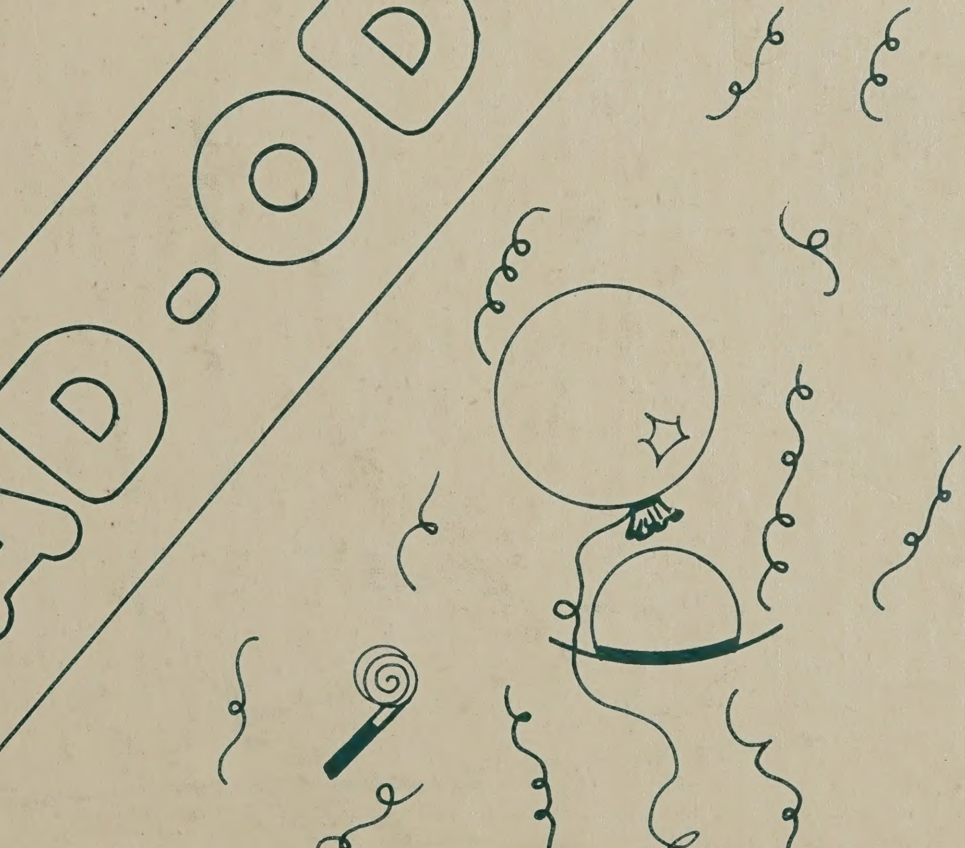
NAIAD-ODYSSEY



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L51LS,
1982

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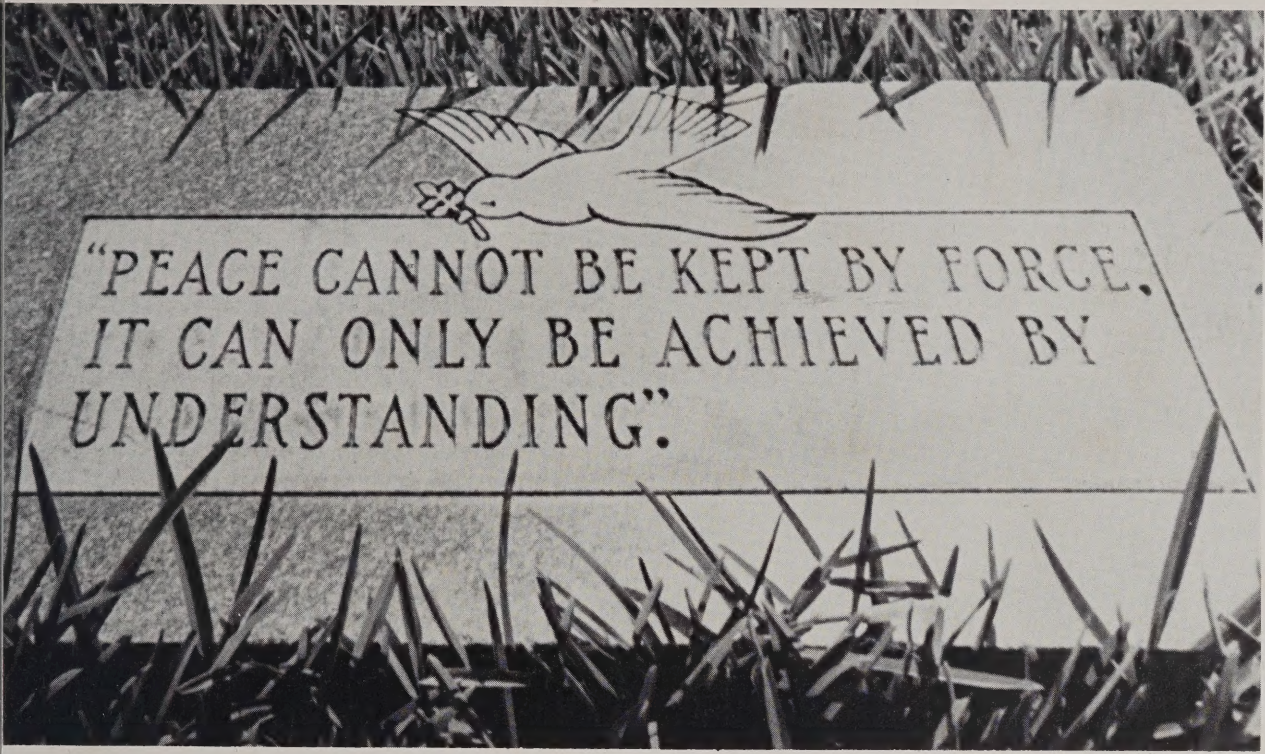
Odyssey 130

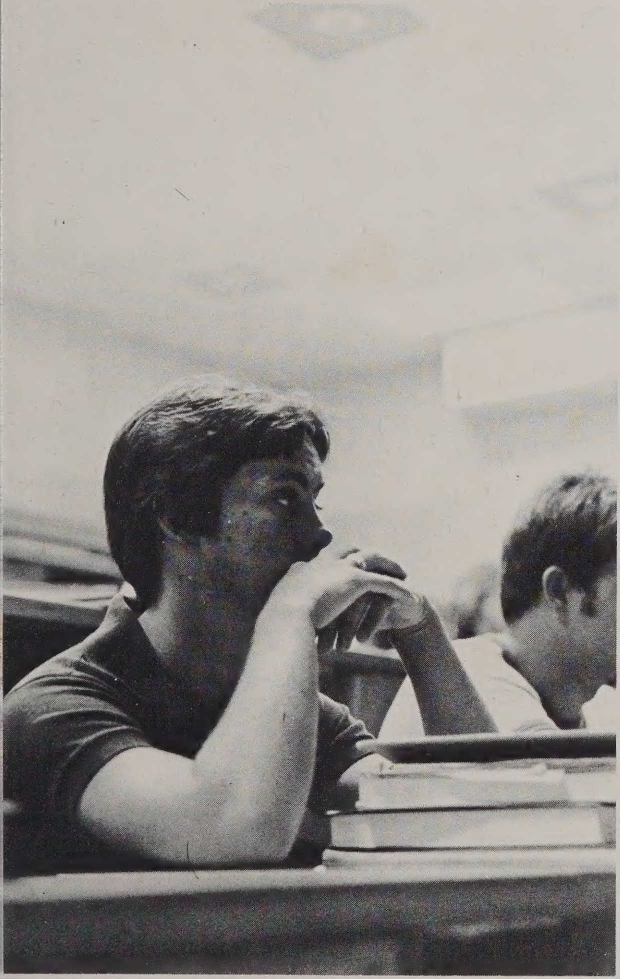
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

NAIAD

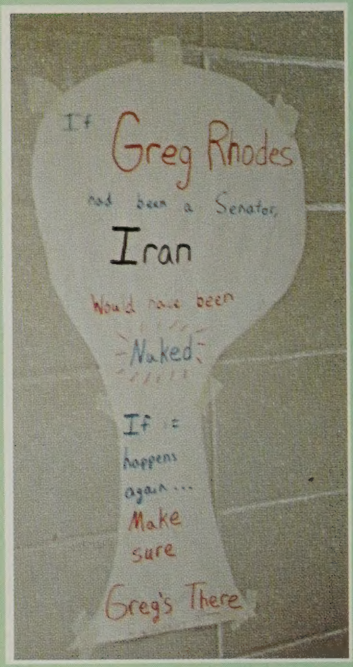
Lake-Sumter Community College
Leesburg, Florida
1981

Happy Birthday?
Where has time gone?
What awaits in the future?

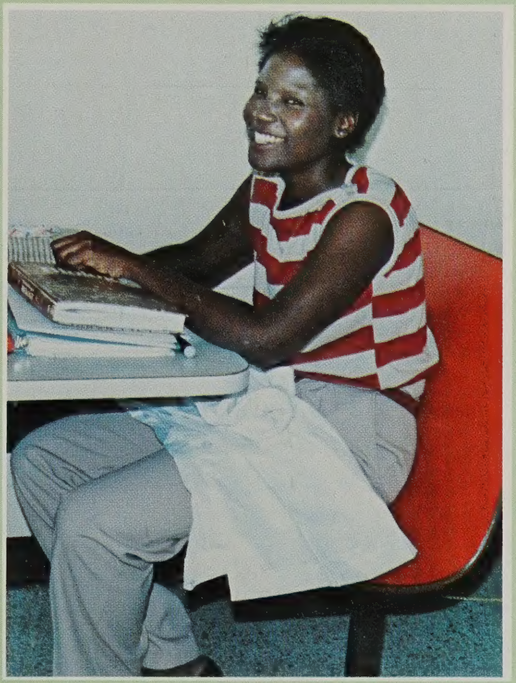

"PEACE CANNOT BE KEPT BY FORCE.
IT CAN ONLY BE ACHIEVED BY
UNDERSTANDING".



What is the purpose of the: Past . . . Present . . . Future?

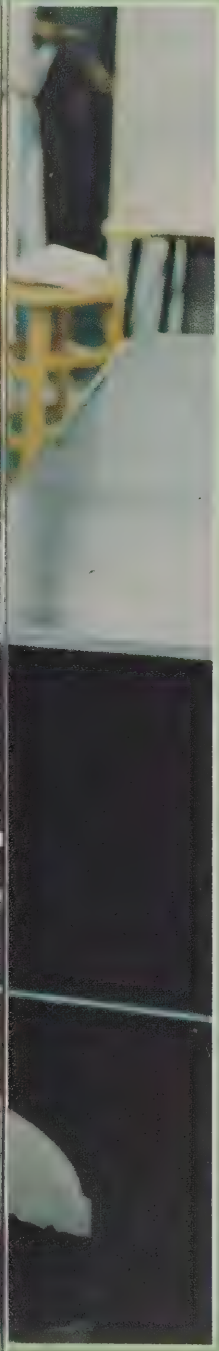

If Greg Rhodes
had been a Senator,
Iran
Would have been
Naked
If it
happens
again . . .
Make
sure
Greg's There

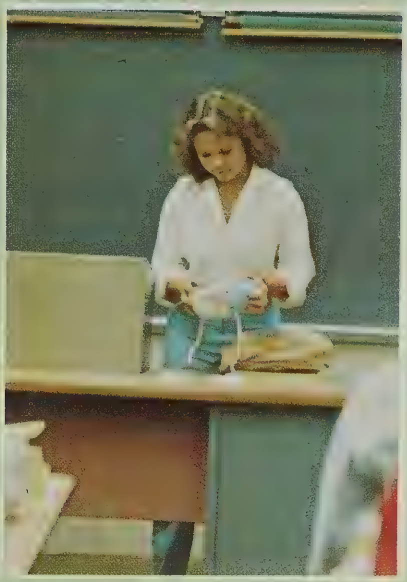
FLORIDA SUMMER



When you begin your task of life, you start with raw materials, as a stone from a quarry, a shapeless mass with unlimited possibilities.

Don't look for the flaws.
Believe in yourself,
you are the creating artist.



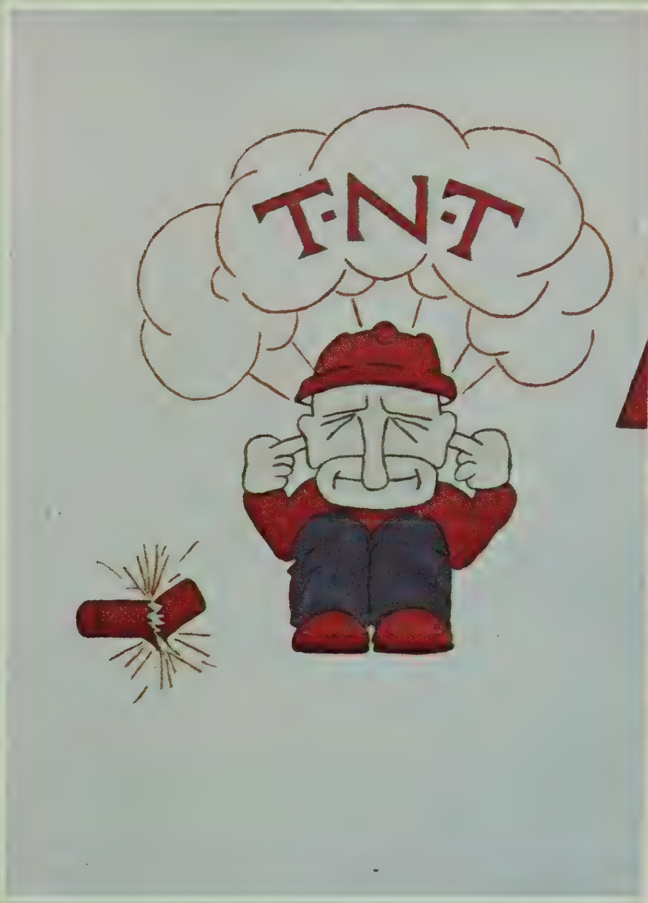


Life's Goals . . .

Life is much like a road through hills and valleys

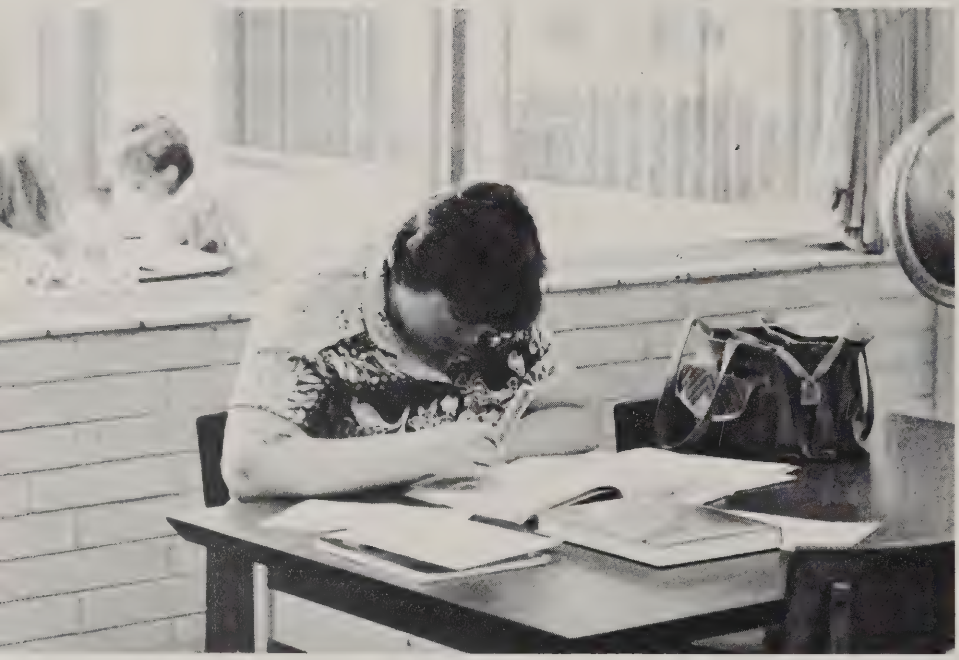
As you come to each hill you look down on the

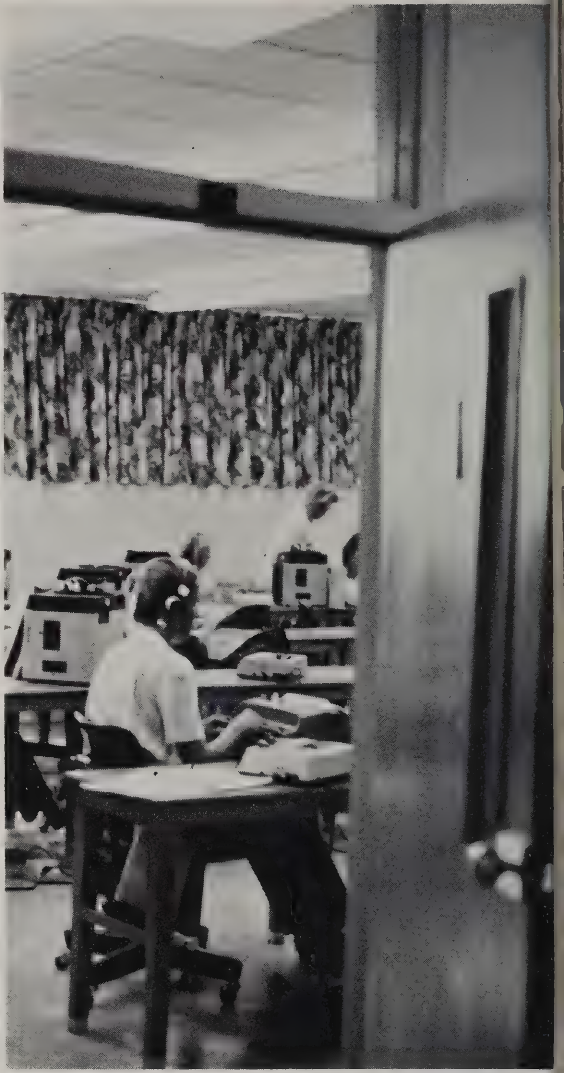
the great
meal deal



valley and up at the next hill.

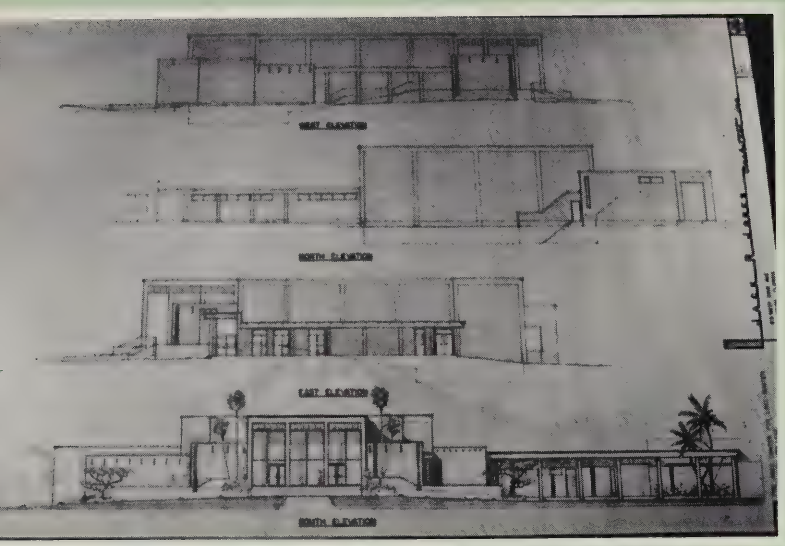
Be persistent . . .





Climb those hills!
Reach your Destiny.

What is the Grand Design?


WEST ELEVATION
NORTH ELEVATION
EAST ELEVATION
SOUTH ELEVATION

Be continually building toward the future . . .
For the Grand Design is ever changing.

You Are Cordially Invited
To The Twentieth
Birthday Celebration
Of
Lake-Sumter
Community College
Honoring:
Dr. Lavera M. Yarish

When Dr. Lavera Yarish joined the staff of Lake-Sumter Community College in 1963, the college was in its infancy. She came to Lake-Sumter as an English instructor and supervised both the "Angler" and the *Naiad*. At that time the *Naiad* had a staff of four and the "Angler" had a staff of only two.

One might have wondered why Dr. Yarish would come to a community college that did not have its own campus as yet. She had studied at the University of Wisconsin at Superior and the University of Florida and had been teaching English majors at Northern Wisconsin. But Lavera Yarish was intrigued by the community college concept and she liked the Central Florida area. She also liked the kind of student who attends a community college. "They are more general students and they come from many diverse backgrounds," she says.

As a result of her interest in the newly founded Lake-Sumter, Dr. Yarish has watched the college grow from the temporary buildings at Leesburg High School, to the large, modern campus it is today. Even her husband, Bill, had a large part in the development of the college, as he ran the college cafeteria for seven years.

With the expansion of the college, Dr. Yarish's responsibilities grew. An instructor when she first came here, she is now Chairman of the Humanities and Social Sciences Division.

Because of her deciation to a new idea, Dr. Yarish has had the rare opportunity to watch an institution of learning grow and mature.

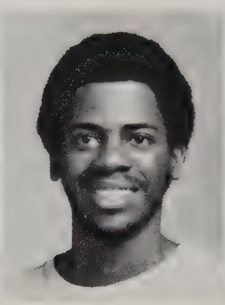
People

SOPHOMORES

John O'Reilly and Phil McNutt enjoy conversation with two other LSCC students.

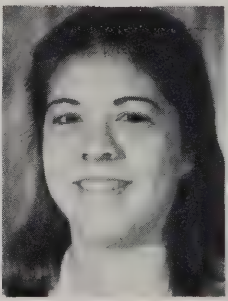
Brenda Adkins
Mt. Dora

Jack Aldrich
Leesburg



Abe Allen
Fruitland Park

Teresa Anderson
Tavares



Jo Beth Arington
Tavares

Betty Augspurs
Altoona

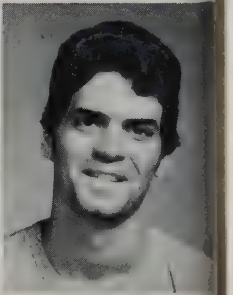
David Ayris
Leesburg

Carolyn G. Bailey

Michael Bailey
Leesburg

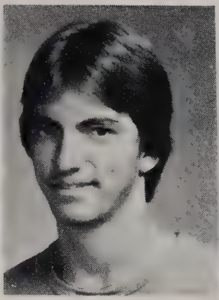
Roberta Bailey
Eustis

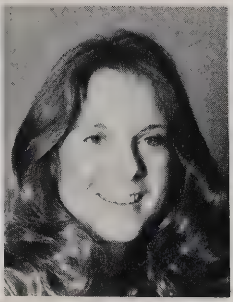
Robyn Baker
Leesburg

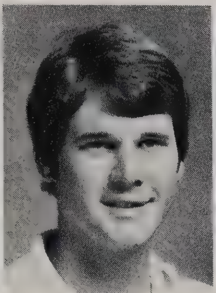


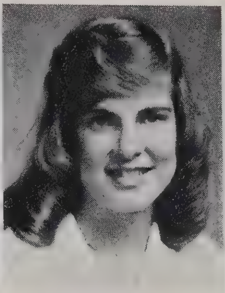
Jeff Bakich
Umatilla

Margaret Berry
Howey

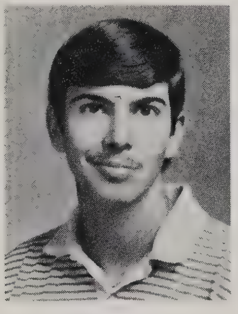

Richard Bradly


Beth Bragg
Leesburg


Peter Brokaw
Leesburg

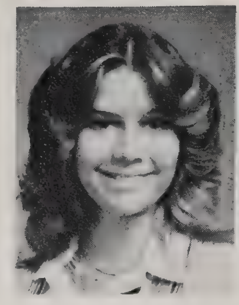

Mary Brooks
Eustis

Dan Brown
Mt. Dora


Mark Brown
Leesburg

Othelia Brown
Tangerine

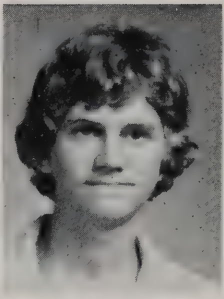
Left, Lisa Finkelstein busily types copy for the Angler, the L-SCC newspaper. The Angler, for which Lisa is the business manager, keeps the student body informed with bi-weekly publications.


Ginny Burnsed
Leesburg

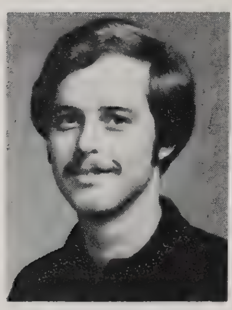
Mary Knowles Butler
Grad. Stud. Leesburg

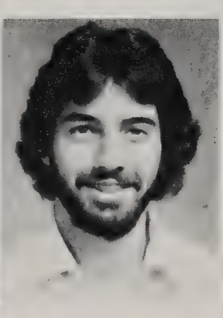
Sally Butts
Altoona

Susan Butts
Altoona


Chris Calhoun
Umatilla

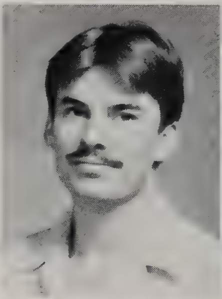
Steve Cameron
Leesburg


Joe Cannon
Leesburg


Ron Cannon
Wildwood

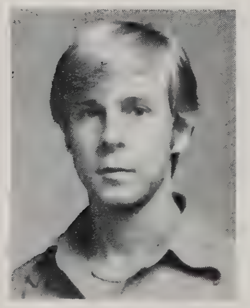
Teretha Caple
Groveland

Teresa Carter
Eustis


Mark Casburn
Tavares

Susan Cauthen
Tavares

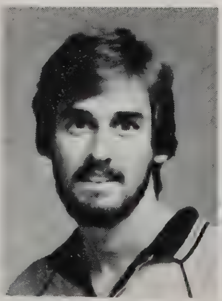
Kristi Chaney
Umatilla

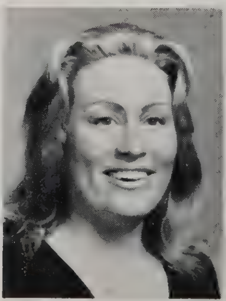

Ed Chapman
Leesburg

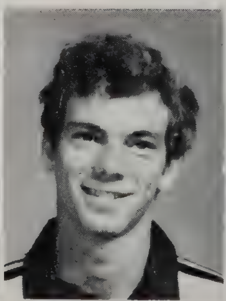
"What's happenin?"

Trixie Clifton
Eustis

Crystal Coulter
Sorrento

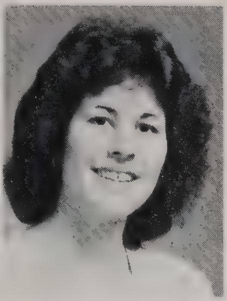

Kevin Colbern
Eustis


Janice Coleman
Umatilla

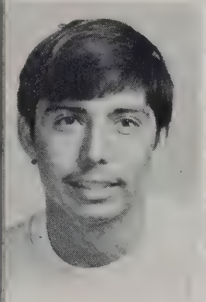

Stanley Collins
Lady Lake

Susan Collins
Groveland

Paul Commiskey
Hattiesburg, MS



Susan Cornwell
Leesburg



Albelardo Cortez
Mascotte

Donne Cothron
Eustis

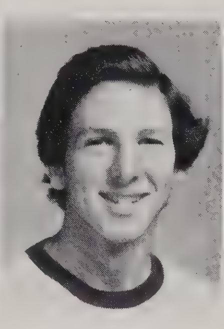
Term papers are a magnetic force for the library.

Roger Croft
Leesburg

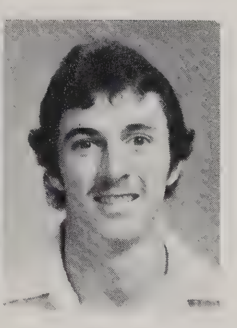
Laura Davis
Eustis

Melissa Davis
Mt. Dora

Misty Davis
Mt. Dora



Greg Dextraze
Mt. Dora



Bobby Eison
Leesburg

Leesburg's Beth Bragg: a combination of beauty and brains.

Tim Enos
Weirsdale

Michelle Equevilley
Groveland

Terry Evans
Yalaha

Leslie Farber
Leesburg

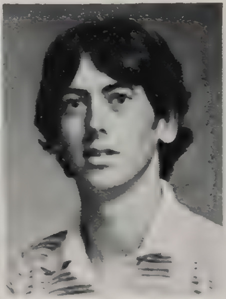
Buz Fechtel
Leesburg

Mike French
Mt. Dora

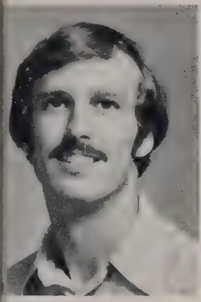
Lisa Finkelstein
Eustis

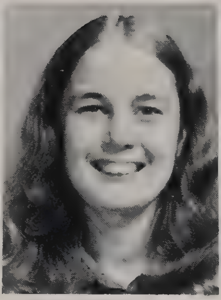
Cindy Fouse
Mt. Dora

Nancy Garner
Groveland


John Geddes III
Umatilla

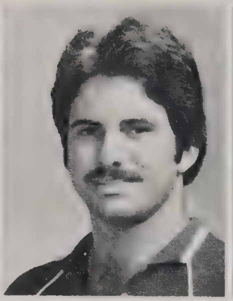
Uni*Wars takes a rest after a hard day with Trung Bui, Skip Smathers, Cindy Fouse, Chris Madsen . . .

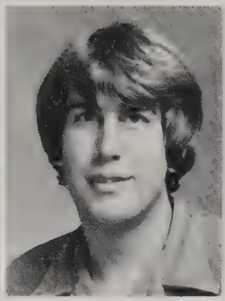

George Delpit
Leesburg


Mary Gibbons
Umatilla

Steven Girard
Wildwood

Charlotte Goodwin
Lake Panasoffkee


Al Gonzalez
Mt. Dora


Perry Gray
Mt. Dora

Elizabeth Groff
Leesburg

Linda Gunther
Eustis

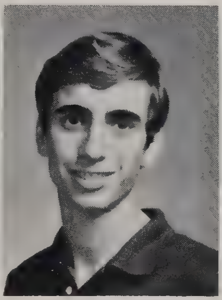
Lorri Hall
Zellwood

Pamela Hamilton
Eustis

Billy Harding
Mt. Dora

Karen Harris
Tavares

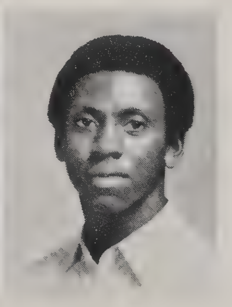
Cheryl Hart
Groveland


Kyle Havill
Eustis

Darlene Hawkins

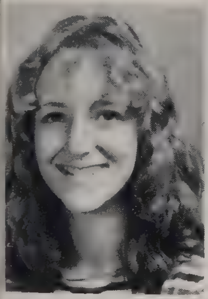
Gwildon Haynes
Leesburg

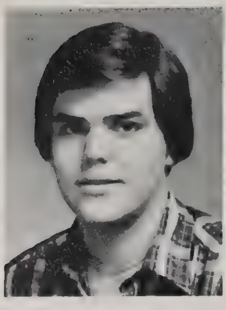
Joy Helmic
Astatula


Gary Henderson
Bushnell

Bob Hodge
Tavares

Ann Coleman takes time out to eat lunch in the College Café.


Jamie Holland
Eustis


Ed Holmes
Leesburg

Barbara Hubbard

Edward James
Leesburg

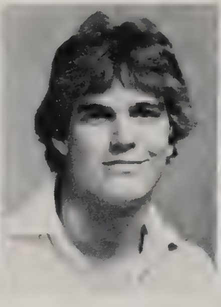
Kenneth James
Lake Panasoffkee

David Jodon
Eustis

Ann Johnson
Tavares

Wymer Johnson
Eustis

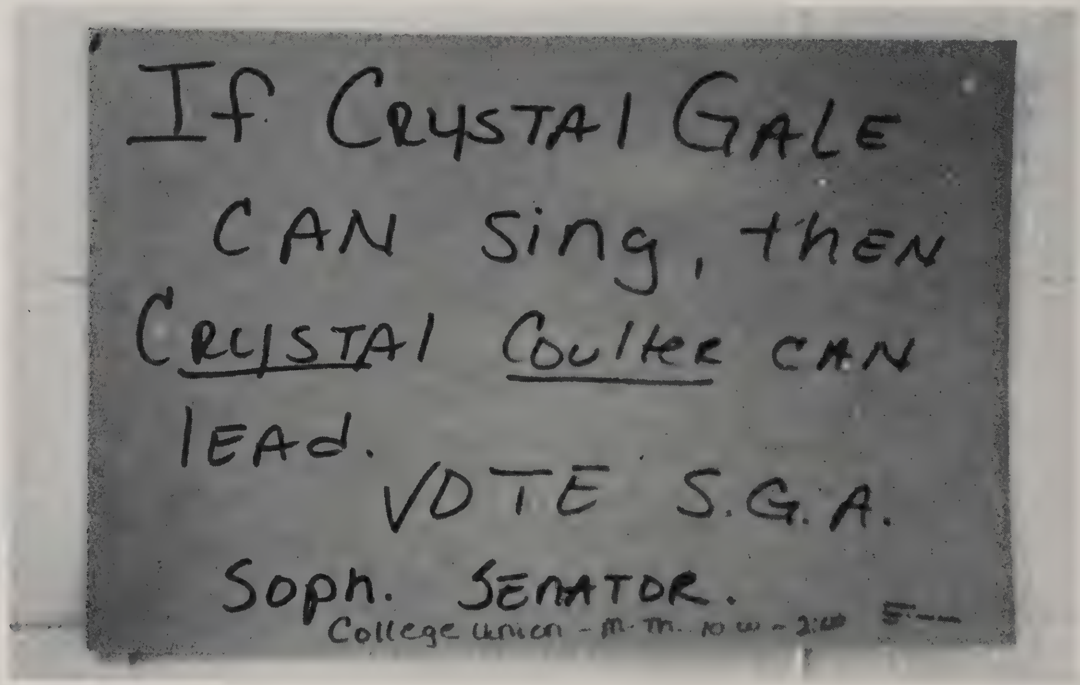
Tina Jones
Tavares


Bruce Key
Yalaha

Cindy Klinger
Leesburg

Richard Kujan
Eustis

Benjamin Kyler
Leesburg


If Crystal Gale
can sing, then
Crystal Coulter can
lead.
VOTE S.G.A.
Soph. Senator.
College Union - M-Th. 10:00 - 2:00

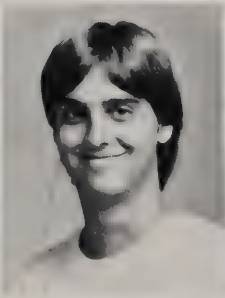
Chris Lang
Eustis

Tracy Linder
Umatilla

Mike Lindsey
Tavares

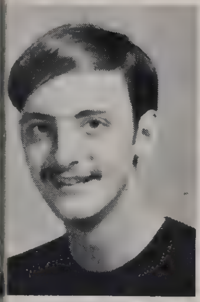
Walter Lobinski
Eustis

Carol Lockwood
Leesburg


Mark Logas
Mt. Dora

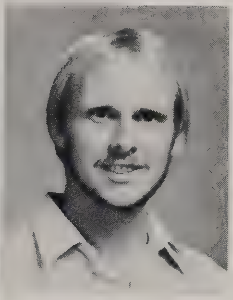
Ana Lopez
Leesburg

Cindy Loudamy
Tavares

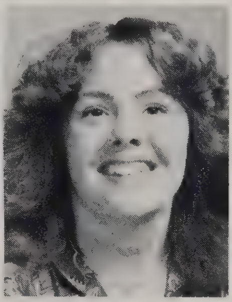

Eric Madsen
Mt. Dora

Debbie Manis
Eustis

Patricia Mavell
Leesburg


Don Marshall
Leesburg

Alice Martin
Bushnell


Alison Martin
Leesburg

Debi Martin
Eustis

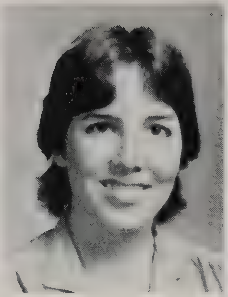
Geraldine Martine
Eustis

Norma Matthews
Bushnell

Kent May
Wildwood

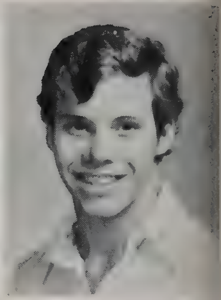
Sophomore Mary Brooks and a companion prepare to participate in their sailing class on Silver Lake. The Sailing course is offered through the physical education department at Lake-Sumter.

SGA President Kyle Havill and Senator Israel Williams take a break in the SGA office. There is almost always a member of student government in the SGA office to answer any questions that may arise.

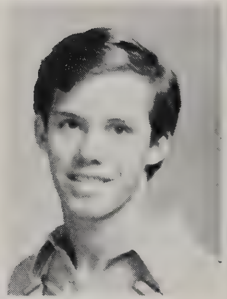


Julie McClure
Bushnell

Gwendolyn McDuffie
Eustis

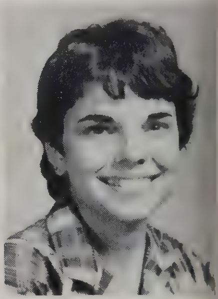


Craig McElroy
Wildwood

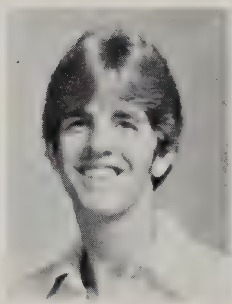


Greg McElroy
Wildwood

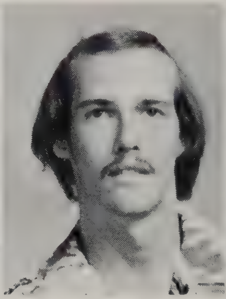
Ray McIntyre, Jr.
Eustis



Shelly McIntyre
Eustis



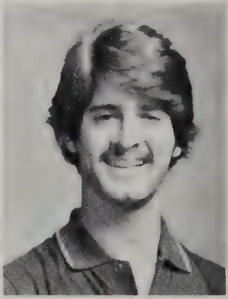
Phil McNutt
Leesburg



Michael McSheehy

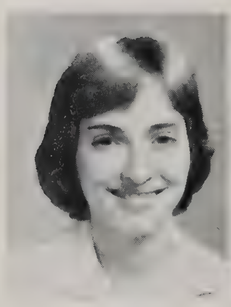
Karl Meek
Eustis

Ray Meeks
Leesburg

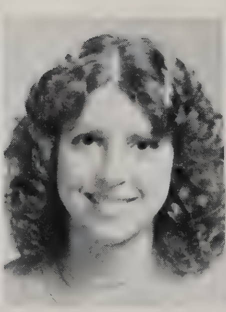


Bill Miller
Eustis

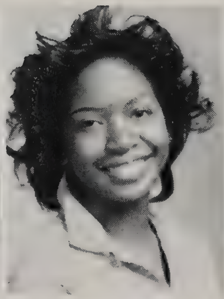
Frank Miller



Susan Miller
Eustis

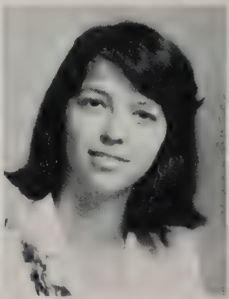


Martha Mills
Leesburg



Regina Mobley
Lake Panasoffkee

Kimburleigh Montgomery
Wildwood



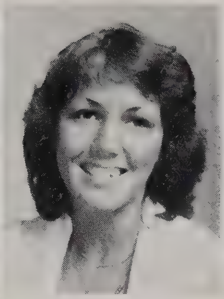
Alexandra Morales
Leesburg

Tim Norberg
Leesburg

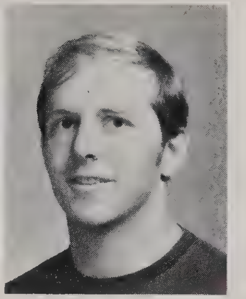
John Northcott
Leesburg

Marie Oldham
Eustis

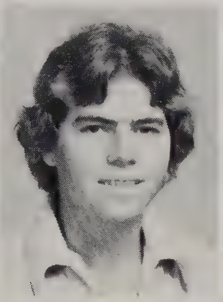
John O'Reilly
Leesburg


Michele Ouellet
Umatilla

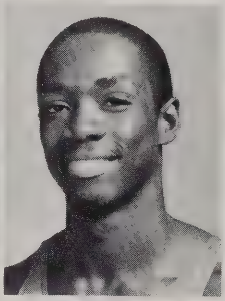
Catherine Owens
Wildwood


Greg Padgett
Leesburg

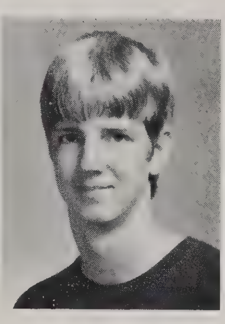
Eva Panlilio
Leesburg

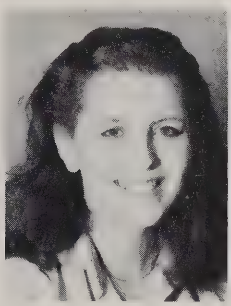

Randy Pasley
Mt. Dora

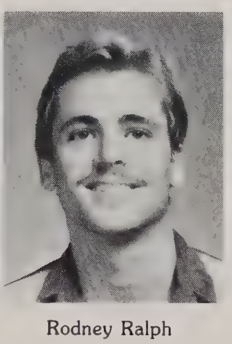
Mikeal Payne
Altoona

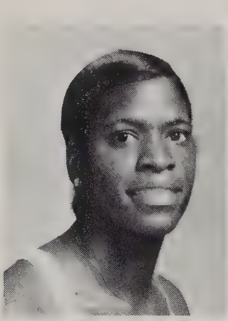

Gregory Pelham
Leesburg

Cara Pepperman
Mt. Dora

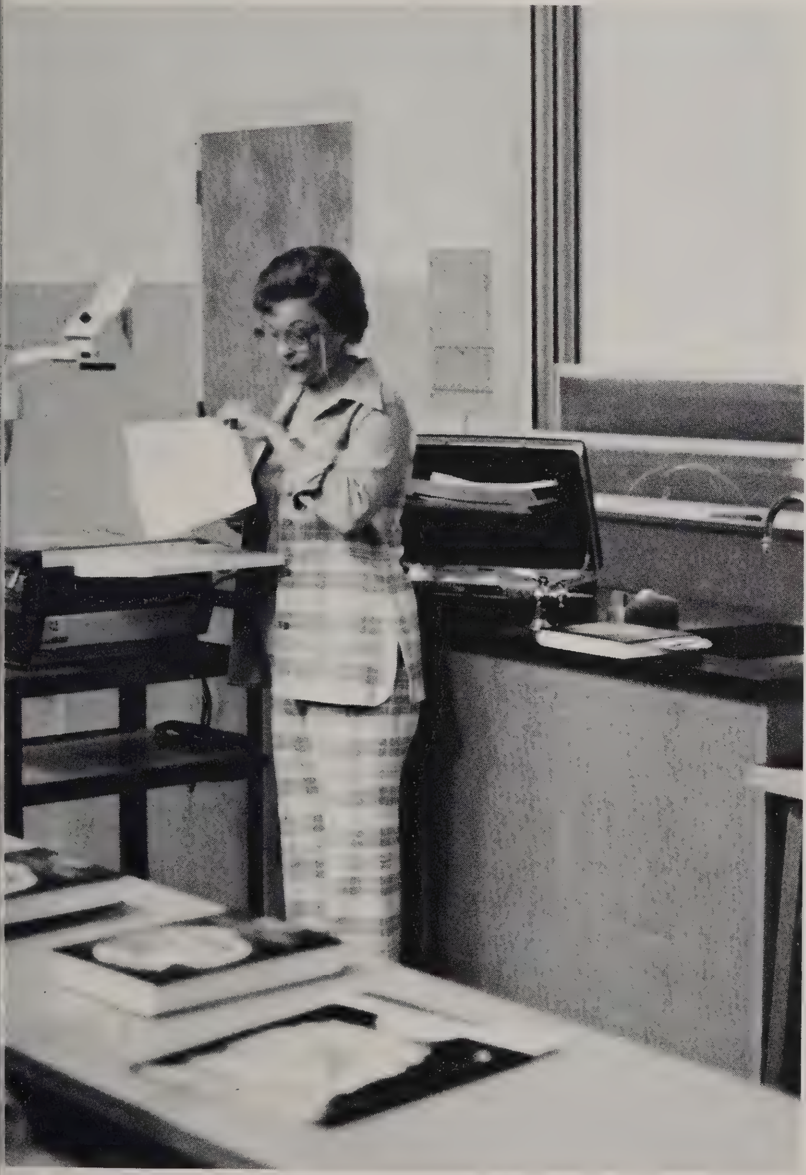

Duane Peterson


Judi Pruett
Zellwood

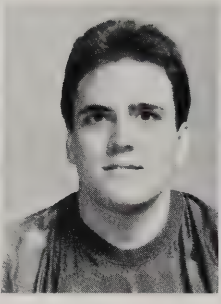

Rodney Ralph
Eustis


Vernesta Reed
Leesburg

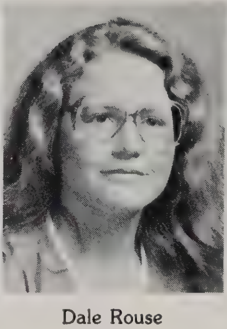
Meredith Rehbaum
Mt. Dora


Instructor Vera Dandridge prepares to begin class in the lecture hall.

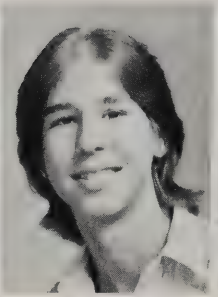
Greg Rhodes
Eustis



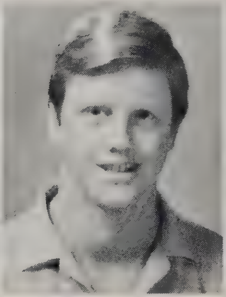
Chris Robinson
Eustis



Dale Rouse
Astatula

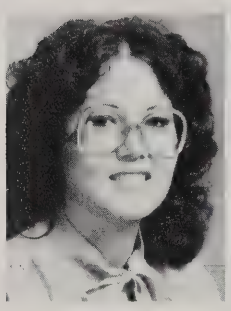


Mike Ruszkoski
Groveland

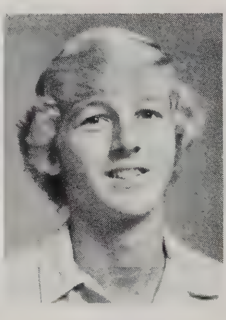


Larry Savage
Leesburg

Twink Sebree
Umatilla



Gloria Sharpe
Umatilla



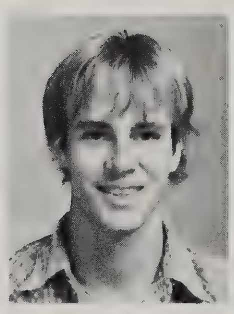
Frank Shepherd
Eustis

Paul Shires
Fruitland Park

Richard Shipes
Lake Jem

Tracy Shuman
Wildwood

Wayne Siebert
Umatilla



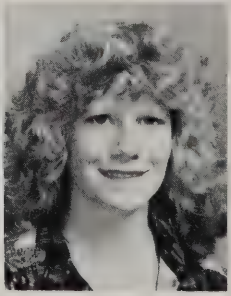
Will Siebert
Umatilla

Patti Silkworth
Mt. Dora

Donia Smith
Wildwood

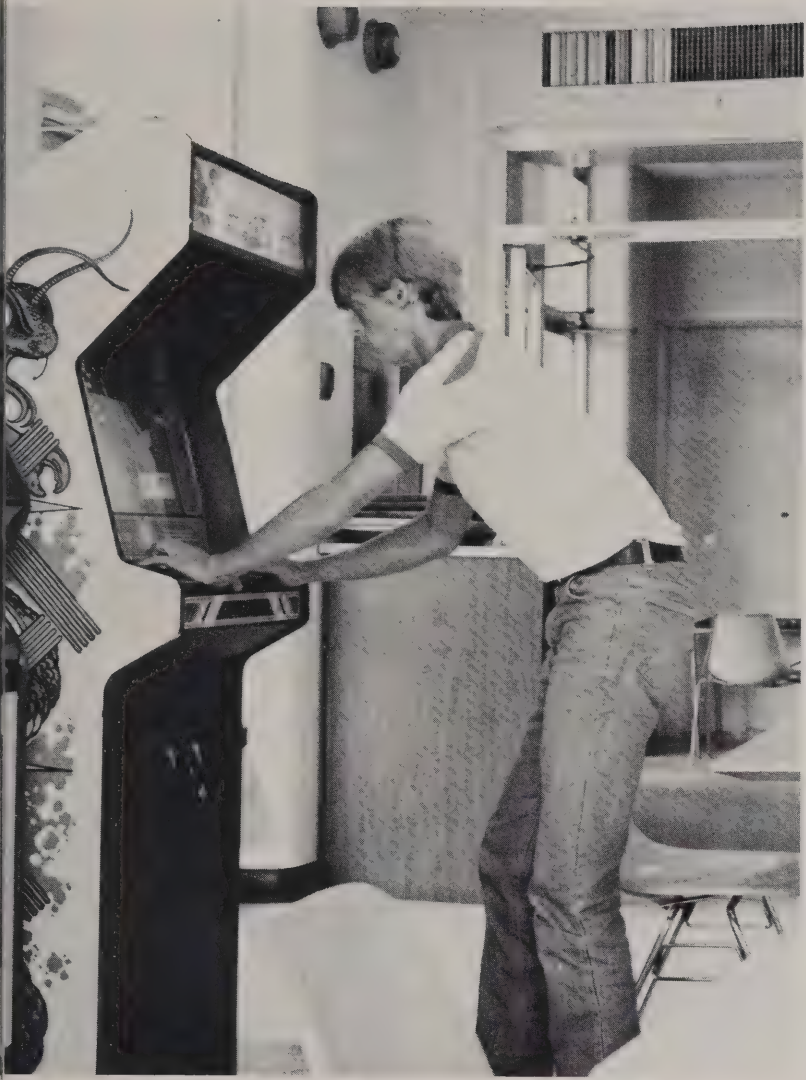
Ken Smith

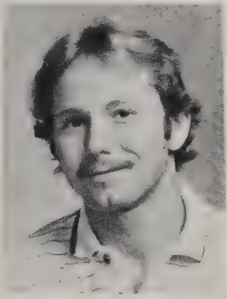
Luke Smith
Leesburg

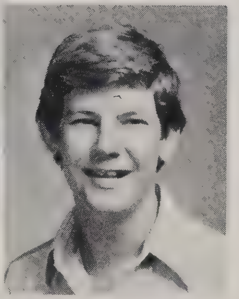


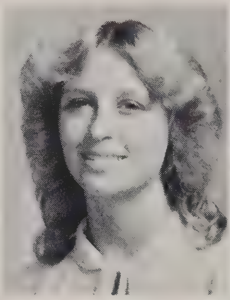
Sarah Smith

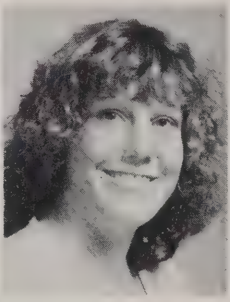
Cindy Loudamy practices her knot-tying skills as part of h
sailing class.




Randy Stegemerten
Wildwood


Frank Stivender
Leesburg

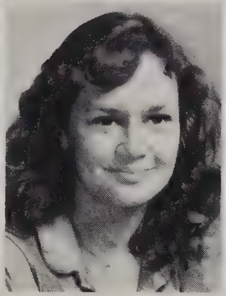

Veronica Stone

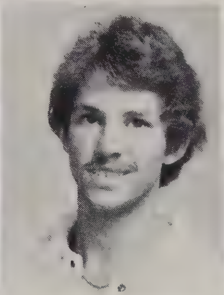

Amy Stout
Tavares

lichelle Stumborg
Wildwood

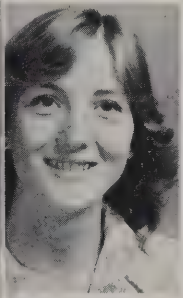
Robert Swiger
Mt. Dora

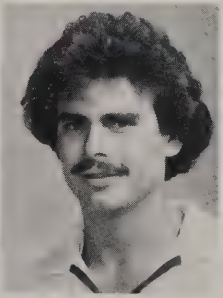
Rebecca Taylor

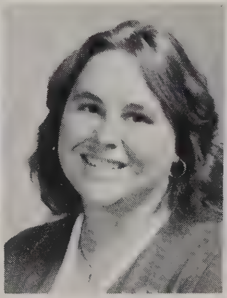

Margie Thompson
Leesburg


Tom Trunzo
Leesburg

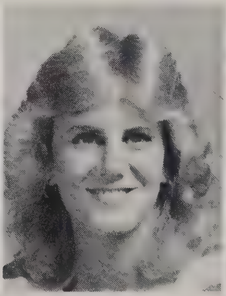
Renae Tucker
Leesburg


Barbara Turner
Grand Island


Doug Tutin
Mt. Dora


Kristy Utsler
Leesburg

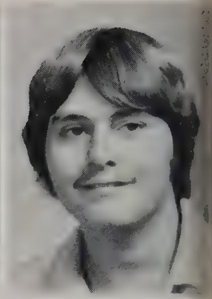
Debbie Wallace
Wildwood


Cindi Wamsley
Leesburg

Diana Watson
Oxford

A quiet moment studying in front of the College Café.

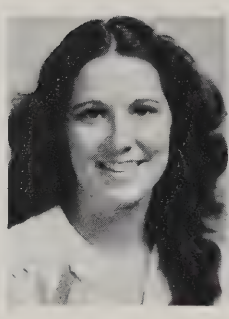
Susan Weeks
Leesburg



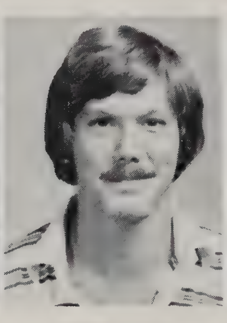
Brian Welch
Wildwood

Charley Wells
Astatula

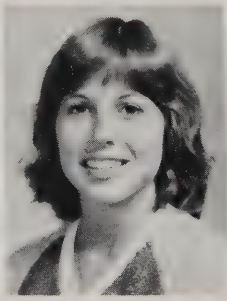
Mary Ann Wells
Howey



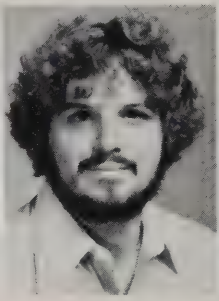
Missy Wilder
Eustis



Mark Windram
Mt. Dora

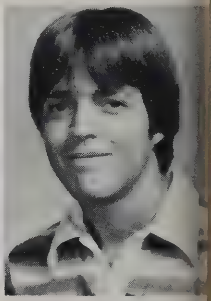


Lynn Williamson
Wildwood



John Worley
Eustis

Bonnie Winn
Leesburg



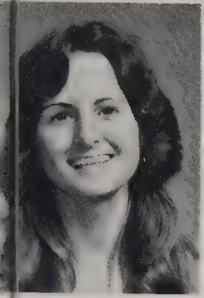
Clay Zeller
Umatilla

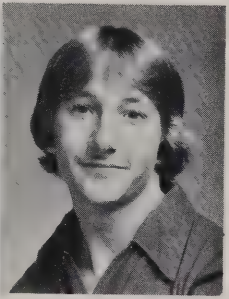
L-SCC students enjoy watching a game of basketball in the gymnasium.

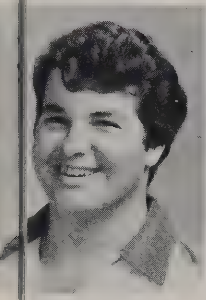
FRESHMEN

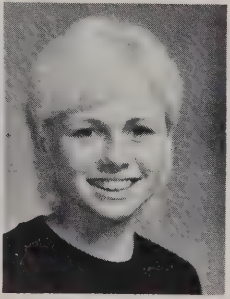
Leroy Adams
Leesburg

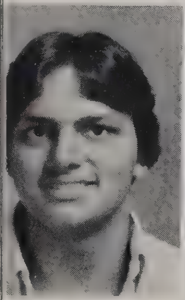
Patricia Adams
Wildwood


Teri Adams
Fruitland Park


Bryan Adkins


Kevin Adkins
Webster


Paige Anderson
Tavares


Butch Aten
Mount Dora

Brenda Ayala
Webster

Brenda Aynes
Fruitland Park

Jackie Babinec
Tavares

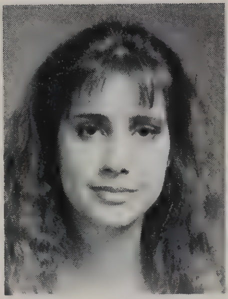
In recent years, the enrollment of students, especially the more mature ones, returning to college has been on the uprise. Lake-Sumter is no exception.

While most students attend college during the regular daytime schedule, a surprising number of 780 are currently attending evening classes only. According to Dr. Dixie Jean Allen, Dean of Student Services, thirty-nine percent of the students are receiving credit for completing classes offered by the college, both on and off the campus.

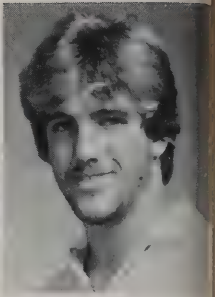
Many changes have occurred in the evening program, including a change of hours; most night courses now begin at 6:30 and close at 9:30 P.M. . "The change of hours is a result of a survey in which a majority of the students liked the change," says Dr. Walter E. Allan of Academic Services.

In addition to the change of hours, two new officers have been added to the program; Jewell Wilson, a counselor at Leesburg High School is now available for counseling on Monday nights and Laverne Griffin, a counselor at Groveland High School is the Wednesday evening advisor. The main job of the counselors, whose positions are being funded through a state grant, is to talk with high school students concerning academic problems, selection of courses, financial aid and transfer programs. However, they also provide valuable information for the more mature citizen who might be taking a single course.

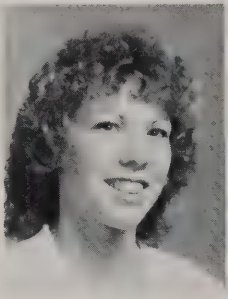
Judge and Mrs. Bill Milton prepare to enjoy one in the series of the Lyceum presentations at the Lake-Sumter Fine Arts Auditorium. Judge Milton has held his office for 21 years this January.



Nancy Bailes
Eustis



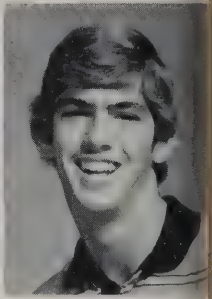
Jim Bailey
Eustis



Wendy Jean Bailey
Inverness

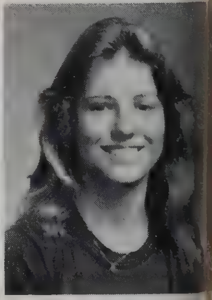
Annette Baker

Bonnie Baker



Tim Baker
Wildwood

Donald Ballash
Tavares

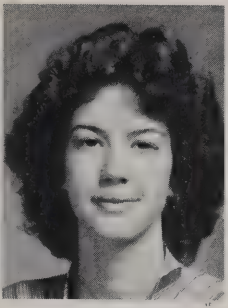


Connie Barcus
Leesburg

Judy Barningham
Leesburg

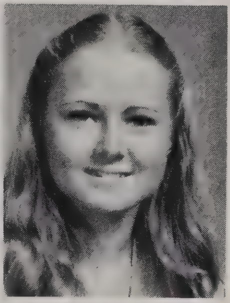
Robert Bass
Leesburg

Ralph Beach
Leesburg



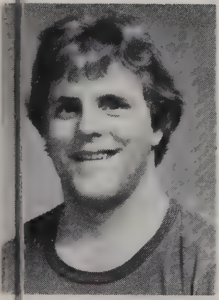
Lisa Beard
Groveland

Penelope Bemberg

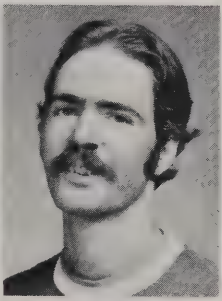


Sandy Berens
Mount Dora

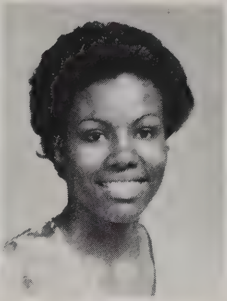
A mad scramble during one of the intramural football games.



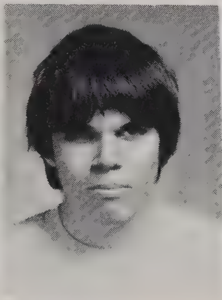
Peter Bergquist
Leesburg



Richard Bierlair
Leesburg

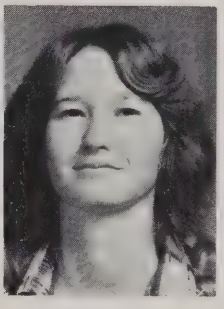


Penny Birdsong
Eustis



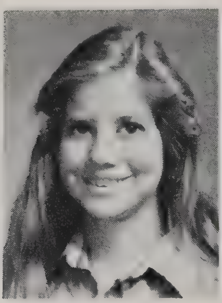
Eric Blanchette
Clermont

Carla Bliss
Bushnell

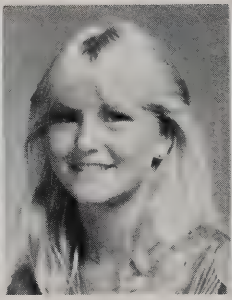


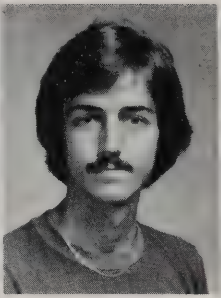
Nandi Boliek
Leesburg

Students enjoy a moment of companionship between classes.

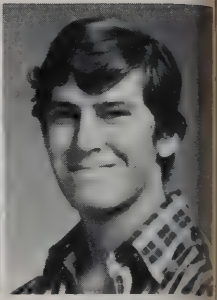

Pamela Booth

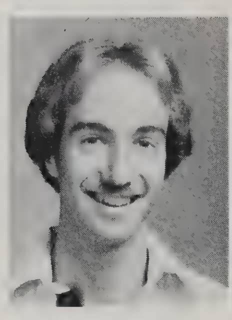
Donna Boulter
Oxford


Lynne Bowersox
Leesburg


Mark Boyett

Janie Boyette
Eustis


Brent Bradley
Fruitland Park

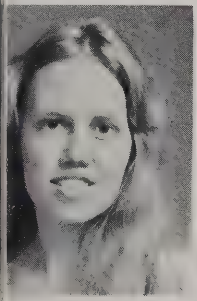

Gary Brewer
Leesburg

Annie Brown
Webster

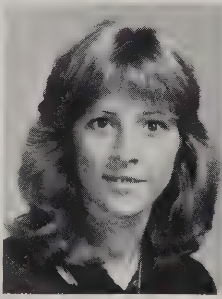
Charlotte Brown
Tangerine

Faye Brown
Coleman

June Tabor, our Secretary to the Director of Student Activities gets her blood pressure taken during the Annual Health Fair.

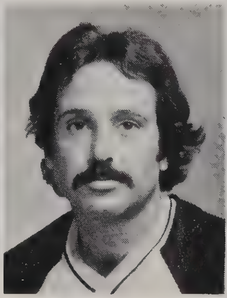


Kathleen Brown
Leesburg

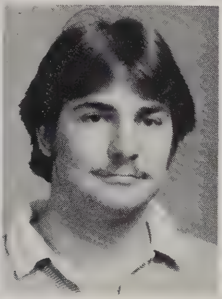


Lisa Brown
Leesburg

Ruth Ann Buchanan



David Buck



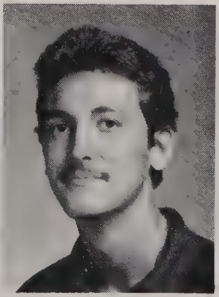
Billy Buckner
Leesburg

Carol Burgess
Leesburg

Lance Burleigh
Tavares

Sandra Butler
Leesburg

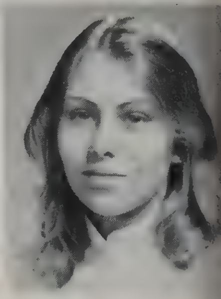
Ray Cameglia
Sumterville



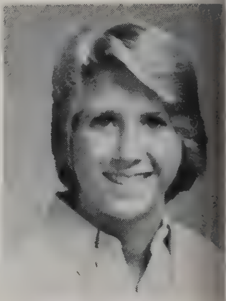
Scott Catasus
Eustis

Todd Wilson and Bobby Eison inspect Sharon Farmer's truck.

Carol Cauthen
Tavares



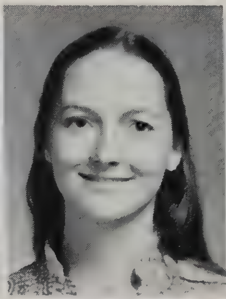
Tanya Center
Umatilla



Roslyn Chappell
Eustis

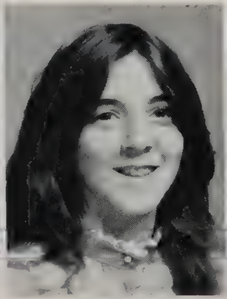
Florence Charlton
Tangerine

Rory Cheatham
Eustis

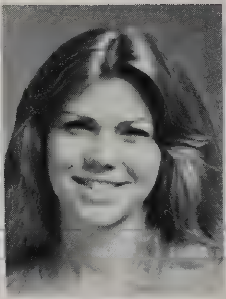


Amelia Chudeusz
Grand Island

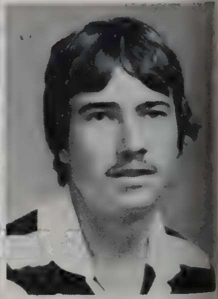
Lewis Clayton
Ocala



Diana Cleland
Leesburg

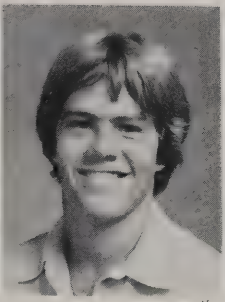


Marjorie Collins
Lady Lake

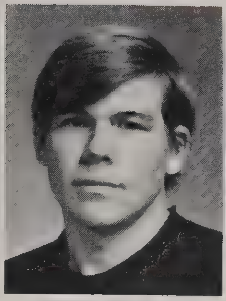


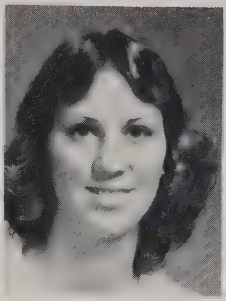
Scott Compton
Tavares

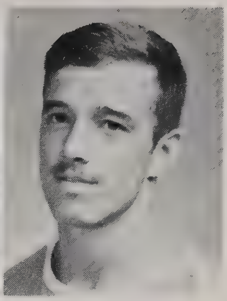
Pamela Coney

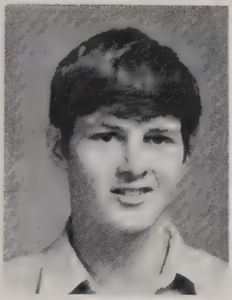

Mark Cook
Tavares

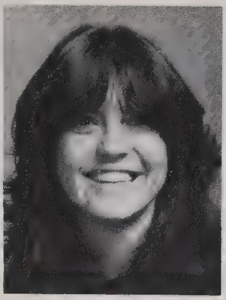
Timothy Cook
Lady Lake


Mark Copeland
Leesburg

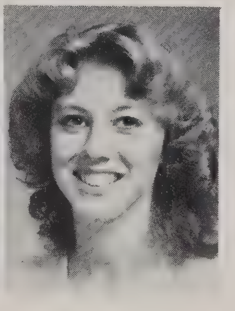

Carole Coverston
Bushnell


Tim Coyle
Eustis

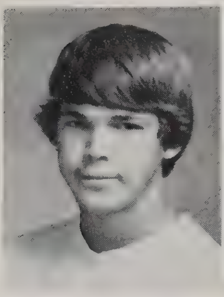

Michael Cramer
Leesburg


Alicia Cravey
Umatilla

Lee Crawley
Clermont


Susan Crecelius
Leesburg

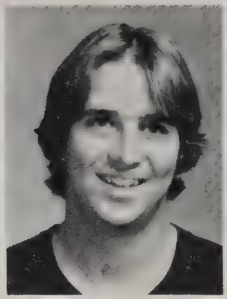
The library provides a quiet and thoughtful place for students to prepare for class.



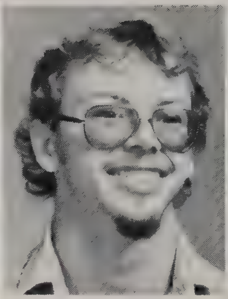
Timothy Creech
Umatilla

Roy Crenshaw
Leesburg

Margaret Cross
Umatilla



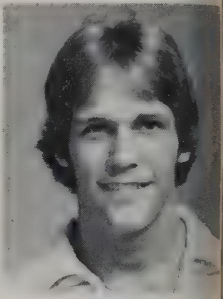
Kent Daily



Jack Daniels
Groveland

Melinda Davis
Eustis

LSCC student studies diligently.



Michael Davis
Astatula

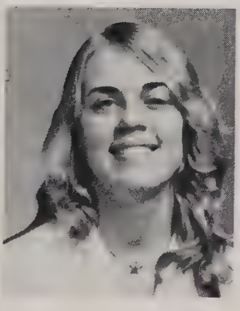
Vincent Davis
Webster

John Desimone
Leesburg

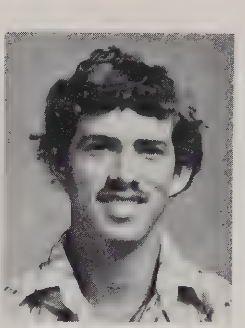
Jane Dixon
Mt. Dora

Erik Spanjersberg and Irene Schoemakers enjoy a game of badminton.

Kimberly Dodds
Umatilla



Darlene Dodsworth
Mt. Plumouth



Ian Donaldson
Mt. Dora

Patricial Donker
Umatilla

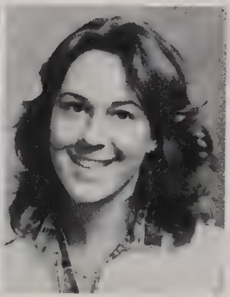
Elaine Dunaway
Mt. Dora

Carole Duncan
Clermont

Edward Duncan
Mt. Dora

Toni Dunlope
Eustis

Nancy Dykes
Clermont



Tammy Earnest
Leesburg

Lisa Register at the FCCPA Banquet.

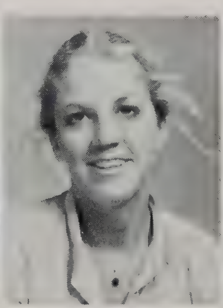
Cindy Eastwood
St. Cloud

Faye Edwards
Mt. Dora

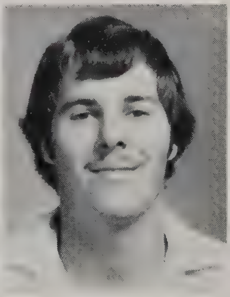
Jeff Edwards
Bushnell

Ron Ellis
Eustis

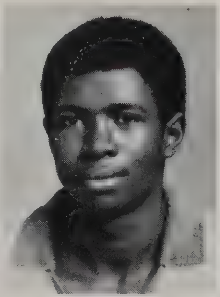
Debbie Fambro
Leesburg



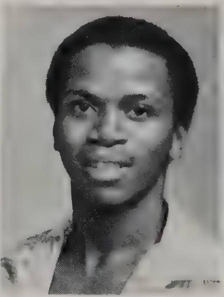
Diane Farley
Apopka



Scott Farner
Tavares



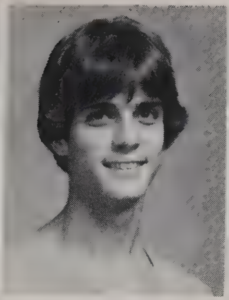
Alonzo Fields
Lady Lake

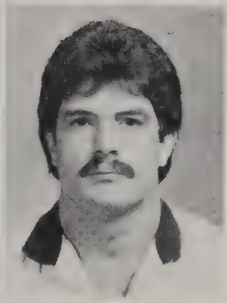


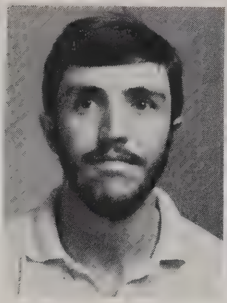
Tony Fields
Okahumpka

Vickie Flowers
Leesburg

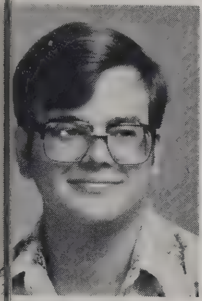
Burt Forte
Clermont

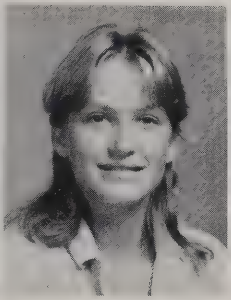

Robert Fox
Tavares

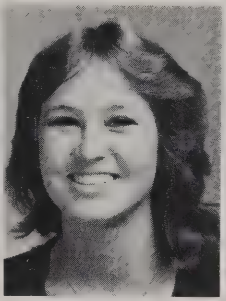

Tony Free
Umatilla

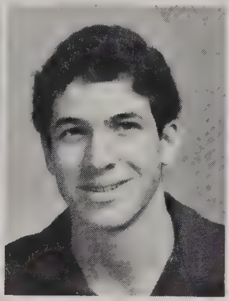

Jerry Freeze
Leesburg

Michelle French
Umatilla


Walt Frisby
Mount Dora


Danielle Futch
Lake Weir


Lisa Gebhardt
Mount Dora


Louis George
Leesburg

Sharon Gainsley
Eustis

The lunchroom is often used as a last minute place to study.

Lisa Gerwig
Eustis

Joy Getford
Eustis

Angelia Gibbons
Leesburg

Jim Gibson
Umatilla

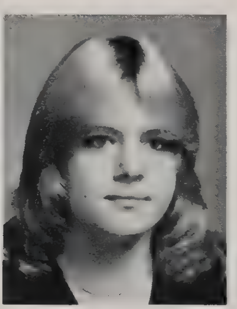
Kim Gibson
Umatilla

Cindy Gilligan
Leesburg

Abby Glickman
Eustis

Charlene Glynn
Eustis

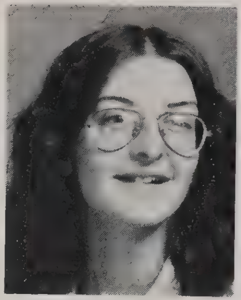
Celia Gonatos
Leesburg



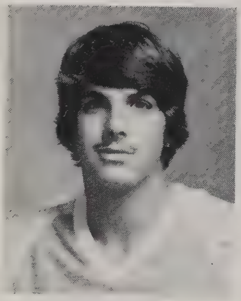
Paula Gottwald
Leesburg

Israel Williams takes part in the annual SGA picnic.

A friendly smile from one of LSCC's foreign students, Anna Marie.

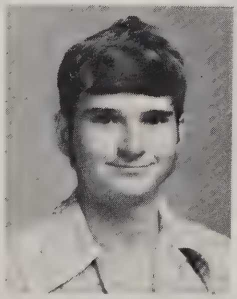


Shannon Grady
Leesburg



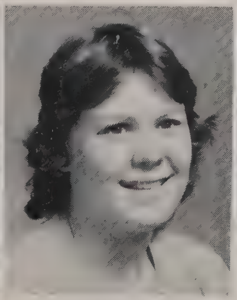
Ed Graf
Mt. Dora

Dawn Green
Eustis



David Gresham
Clermont

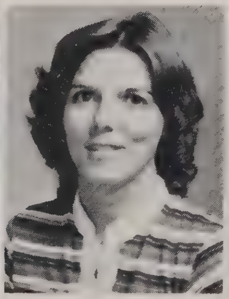
Terri Guenther
Tavares



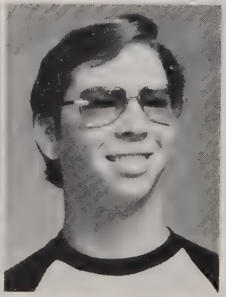
Eileen Hagelstein
Leesburg

Sherri Hall
Webster

Susie Hardin
Umatilla



Linda Harper
Leesburg



Shane Harper
Mt. Dora

20 years ago . . .

It was composed of pre-fabricated shell houses and a few portable buildings. But the borrowed facilities housed the first class at Lake-Sumter Junior College.

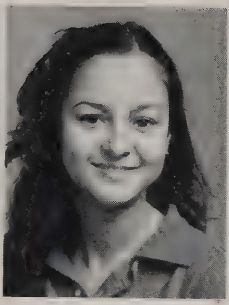
That was 20 years ago, and today the complete and fully accredited college has been renamed. But what about 20 years from now? What is ahead for LSCC?

First of all, note the transition from the very beginning to today. The continual construction of new buildings on its Silver Lake site has made possible an expansion of its curriculum. The enrollment has made a leap from 791 students to 5,242; the student population has increased by nearly seven times!

However, "More has changed than statistics," says the new and second president of the college, Dr. Robert Palinchak. In the past, most of those in college did not hold outside jobs. They were "professional students," and school was their occupation. Dr. Palinchak sees this stereotype dissipating with a drastic change in the students and their intentions. In fact, presently over one-half of the students are over thirty, married, female and working. There are more part-timers fitting school into their lives rather than "living" college. Directed toward serving the community, the college supplies a wider variety of alternatives for citizens in every age group. For high school graduates it still serves as a pause for decision-making or preparation for university instruction. In addition, Lake-Sumter provides training for various jobs and offers non-credit courses to all. According to Dr. Palinchak, there is a need for adult courses such as parenting, finance, nutrition, and even home security. This, he says, is a reflection of the changes in society and is part of the college's service to the people in the community.

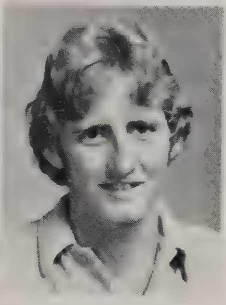
But what about 20 years fron now? The president foresees that through cable network and a two-way communicator with the instructors, schooling in the home will be possible. Following the trend of the past, education is becoming more flexible to suit the surrounding culture. As long as it remains a "community college," Lake Sumter will grow and change to meet the needs of those it serves.

Marc Harris
Mt. Dora



Madori Harrison
Mt. Dora

Edith Hart
Groveland



Bobby Harvey
Wildwood

Paul Harvey
Leesburg

Diane Haven
Astatula

ebra Hawkins
Mt. Dora

Doris Haynes
Fruitland Park

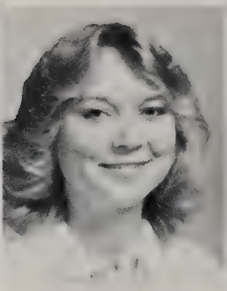
uglas Hendricks
Eustis

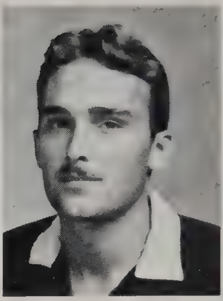
Julie Hernandez
Tavares

Intramural football is a great spectators sport too.

Katren Higgs
Leesburg

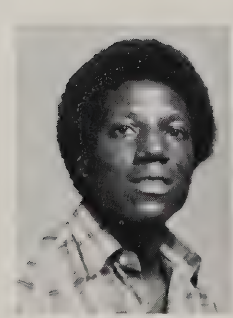
Deanna Hobbs
South Sumter

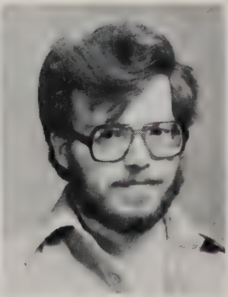

Valorie Hodges
Bushnell


Frank Hisington
Mt. Dora

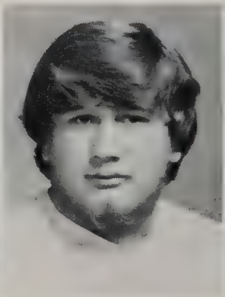
Jesse Holder
Leesburg

Vernon and a friend pose for the Naiad photographer.

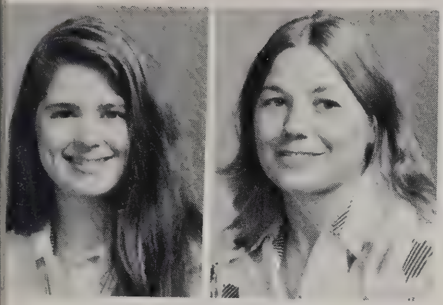

Calvin Holloway
Leesburg


Scott Holloway
Leesburg

Daniel Howe
Leesburg


David Howell
Mt. Dora

Diane Huff
Mt. Dora


Mary Huntington
Leesburg

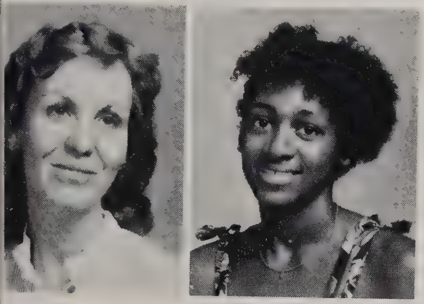
Nancy Hutch
Leesburg

Lillian Jackson
Fruitland Park

Terri Jenkins
Inverness

Tracy Johnson
Weirsdale

Wynoma Johnson
Leesburg


Doris Jones
Leesburg

Pam Jones
Eustis

James Jordon
Leesburg

Everett Joslyn
Eustis

Velma gives John Worley a quick rubdown during a football game.

Motivation: The Mark of a Night Owl

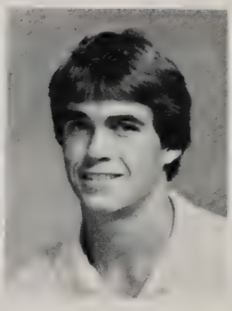
Several Lake-Sumter instructors teach both daytime and evening classes. The question concerning the differences between students of these two time frames, from a teacher's point of view, is a challenging one.

"It's hard to generalize," states John Neal, economics instructor. "The only difference I really find is that the night student is usually older. It all depends on the class; every class has its own personality."

David Payne, theater and speech instructor, finds the major differences in enthusiasm and interest. "I find the night students generally are more motivated, probably because they usually have a greater sense of purpose, while day students are often just out of high school and not always motivated. Most night students have been out of school at least several years and are less likely to be unmotivated."

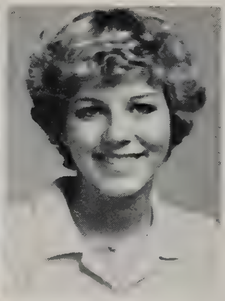
"Most likely the adults in class are active in the community," mentions Payne. "They are generally good, solid students who are enjoyable."

Marie Kaval
Astatula


Reid Kelley
Leesburg

Karen Kerr
Paisley

Margaret Killion
Leesburg


Michelle Kleimeyer
Eustis

Kirk Klingler
Leesburg

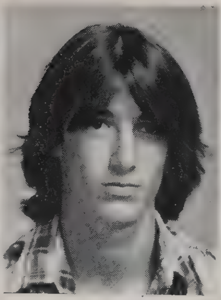
Brenda Lancaster
Webster

Cristine Lang
Clermont

Sherri Langston
Wildwood

Kimberly Lee
Eustis

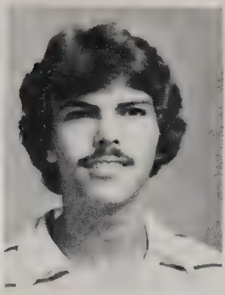
Lisa Lenahan
Tavares

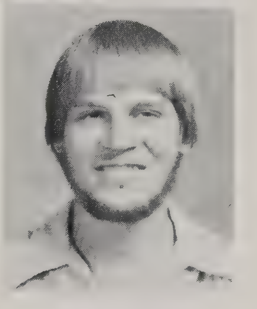

Dale Gray-Lewis
Leesburg

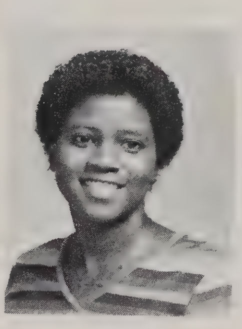
Deirdre Lewis
Mt. Dora

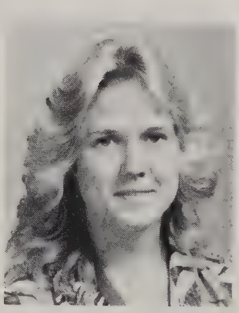
Carol Lindsey
Leesburg

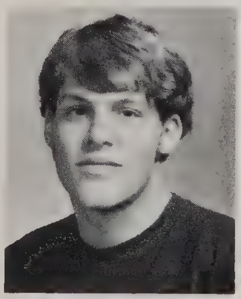
Sharon Linkehorst
Leesburg


Robert Long
Umatilla


Robert Loudamy
Tavares


Ave Loweny
Leesburg


Terri Lynn
Groveland

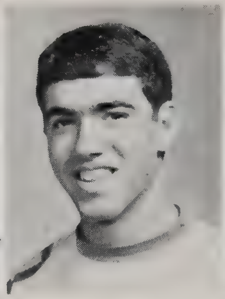

Chris Madsen
Mt. Dora

John Rata, English instructor, detects a more serious attitude in the night school s dent. "Basically, the night student is more mature. There's a difference in attitude, a ore serious one. Coming back, sometimes after ten or fifteen years, the student is ually more settled. Several of the faculty members have talked about it, and we've a noticed this," add Rata.

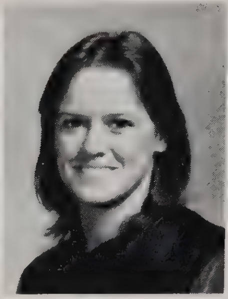
In the opinion of Dr. Joe Rhile, business instructor, the reason the evening student is ore motivated is that he is coming back on his own, not because of his parents' p rsuasion. "The night student, generally speaking, is more motivated and conscienus. Many are coming back for the second time, and they're working harder and re are many outstanding day students as well, but generally the night classes are re motivated."

As the population of day students continues to grow, evidence points out that the ollment of these more mature, serious evening students will also increase on the ke-Sumter campus.

John Maghum
Leesburg



George Malloy
Leesburg

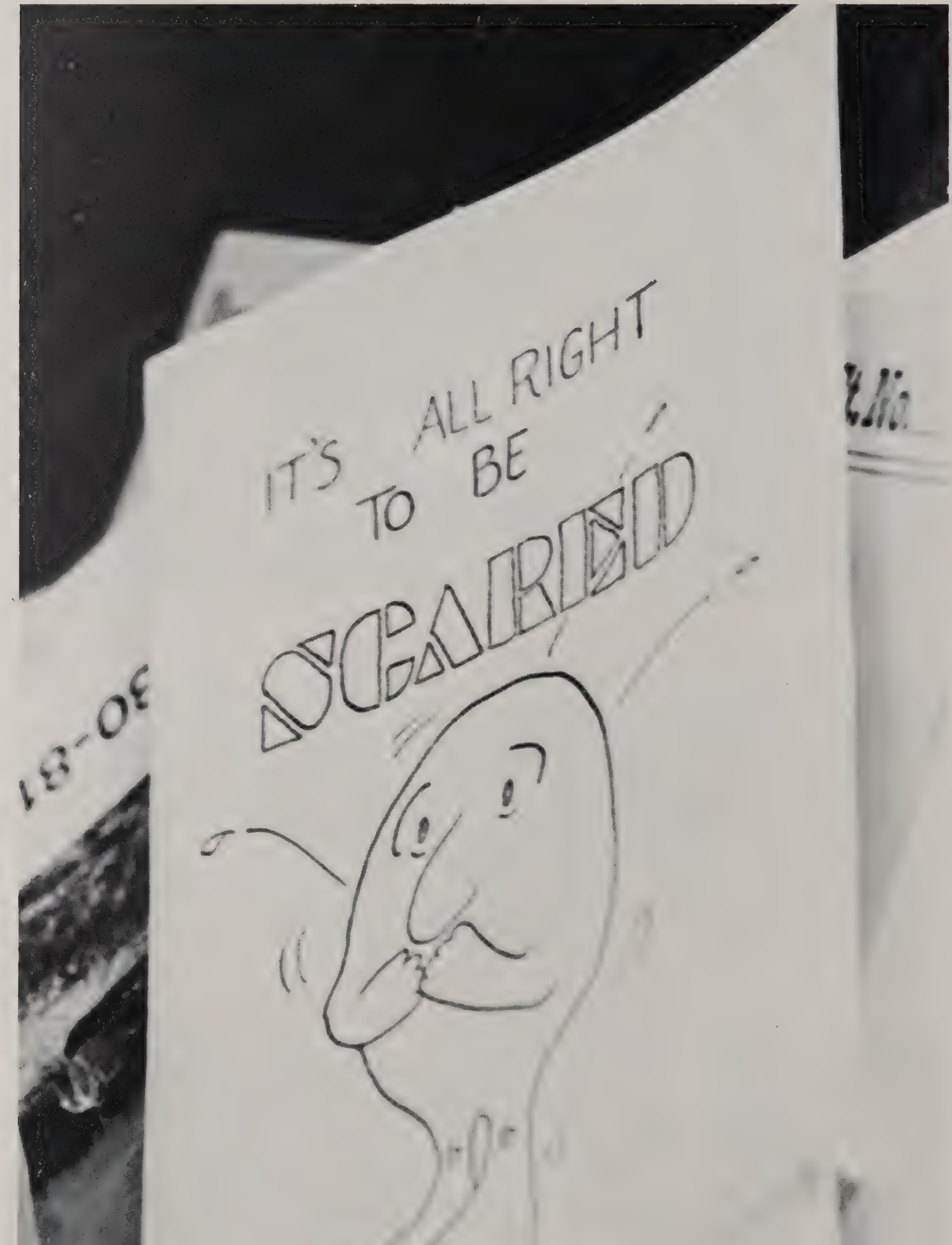


Tina Mann
Leesburg

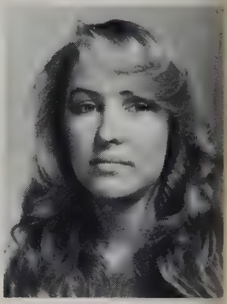
David Martin
Umatilla

Toni Mathews
Bushnell

James McAlarnixs
Kentucky



Andrea McNigh
Yalaha

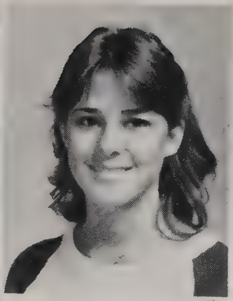


Tammy McQuay
Clermont

Mark McSheehy
Leesburg

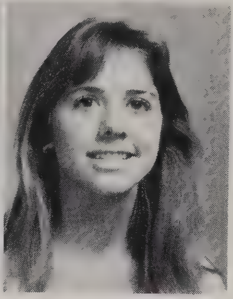
Sean McVeigh
Leesburg

Rene Menardi
Jacksonville



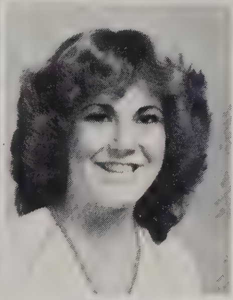
Tami Merritt
Leesburg

Mark Messina
Umatilla

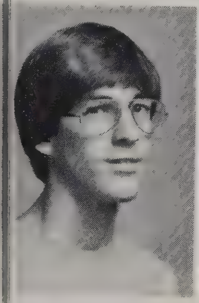


Judy Miller
Leesburg

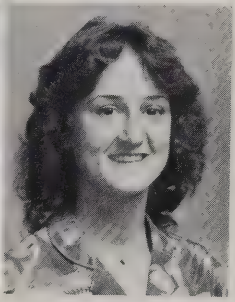
Penny Miller
Leesburg



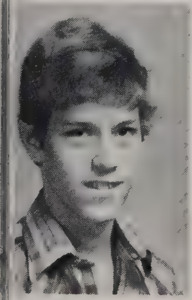
Tammy Miller
Leesburg



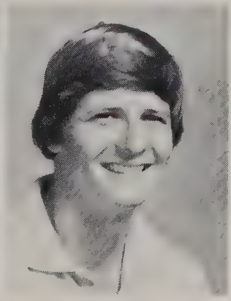
William Mills
Tavares



Sally Milton
Eustis

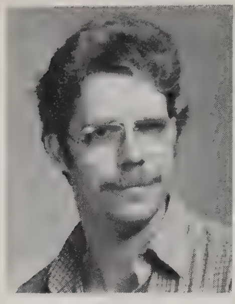


R mond Mirabella
ruitland Park

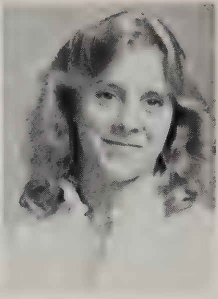


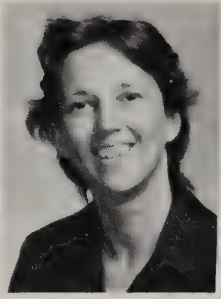
Neil Mizell
Coleman

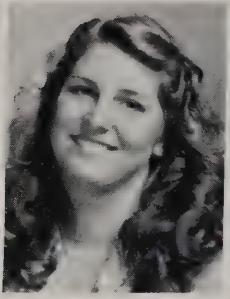
Mr. Kennedy is the Superman of registration.


Dennis Moore
Eustis

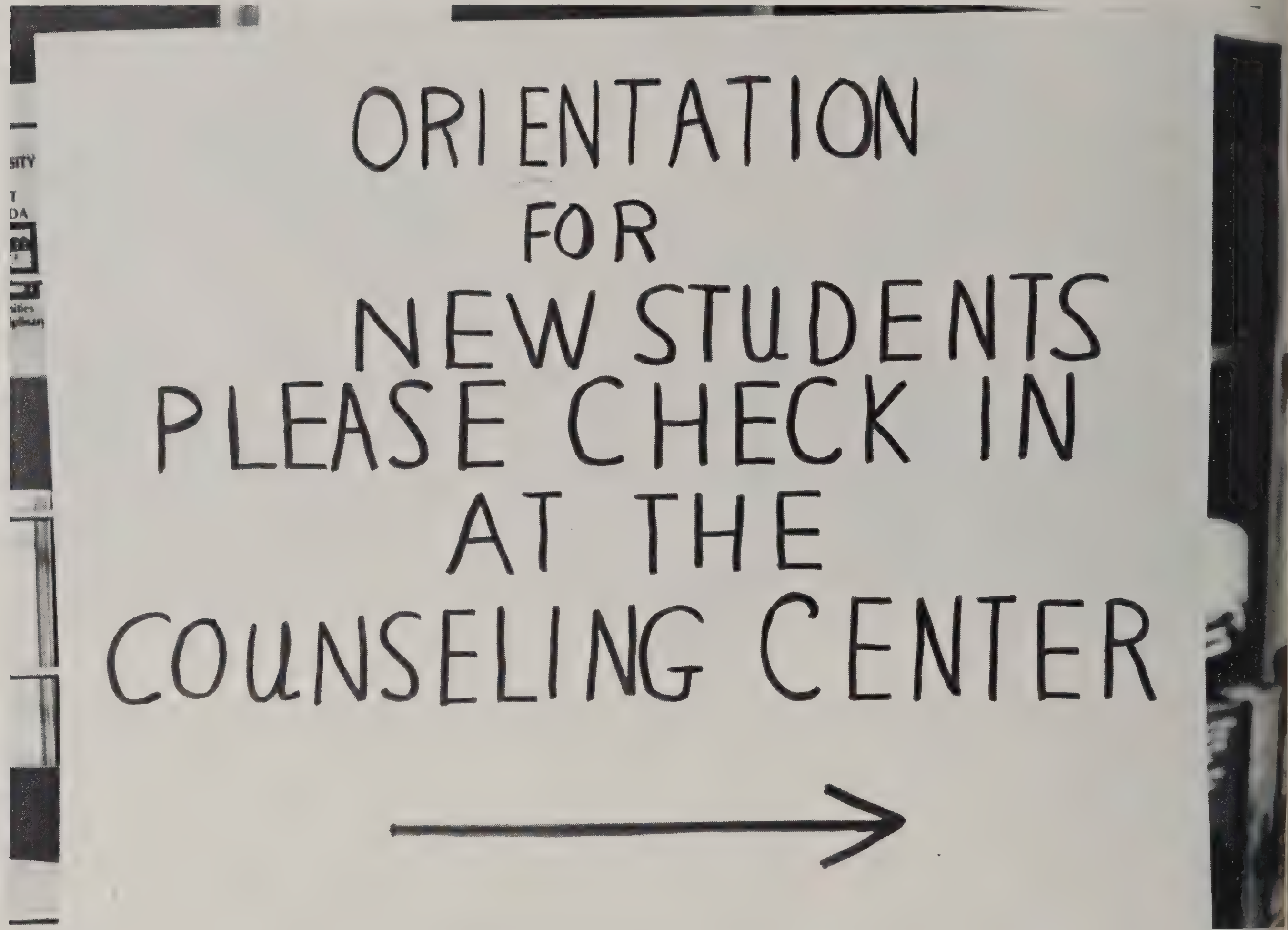
Mike Moore
Leesburg


Tammy Morgan
Oklawaha


Victoria Morgan
Leesburg

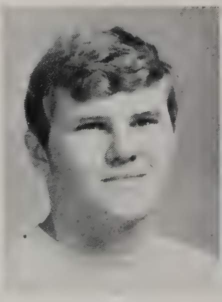

Trella Mott
Mount Dora

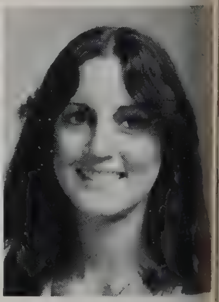
Michael Mulho
Umatilla


ORIENTATION
FOR
NEW STUDENTS
PLEASE CHECK IN
AT THE
COUNSELING CENTER

Penny Mullikin
Fruitland Park

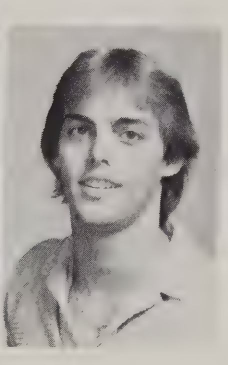
Elainna Multiucci
Fruitland Park

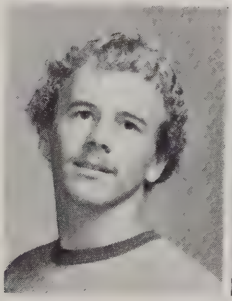

Jack Nealy
Leesburg

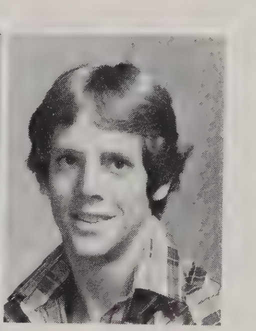

Carol Nicholas
Leesburg

Randall Payne of Altoona signs up for classes.

Cindy Noon
Wildwood

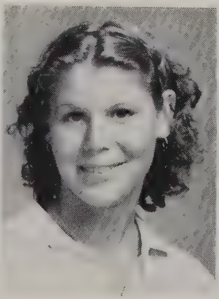

Kevin Oaks
Eustis


John Oberlin
Umatilla

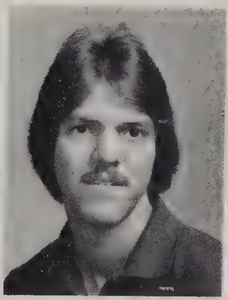

James O'Berry
Clermont

Joni Olds
Eustis

Liz Oliver
Eustis


Debi Ottman
Tavares

Steve Owens
Mount Dora


Mike Paquette
Leesburg

Elizabeth Parker
Paisley

Dianne Basley
Mount Dora

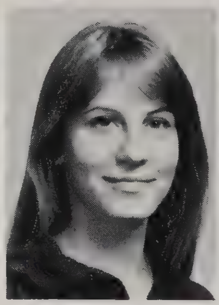
Randall Payne
Altoona

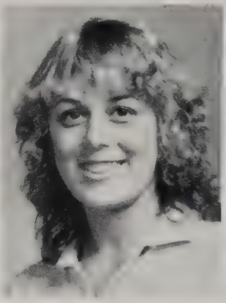
Max Pecins
Mount Dora

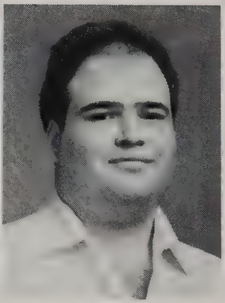
Cindy Penley
Umatilla

Daniel Perkins
Umatilla

Deana Perkins
Lake Gem

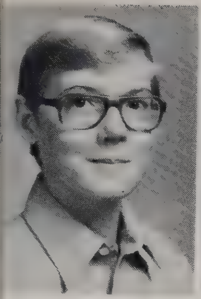

DeeDee Pharr
Leesburg


Rebecca Pippin
Eustis

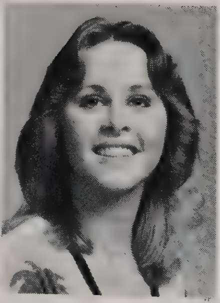

Lawrence Pirela
Leesburg

Mary Pohlman
Mount Dora

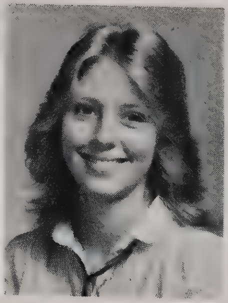
Decision-making time during registration.



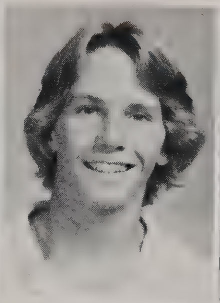
Robert Poston
Mount Dora



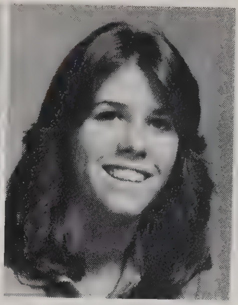
Cheryl Poulus
Panasoffkee



Delynda Pratt
Fruitland Park

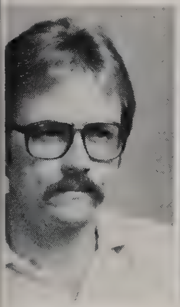


Michael Preuss
Tavares



Mindy Prins
Leesburg

One of the beautiful scenic sights on campus: sailing on Silver Lake.



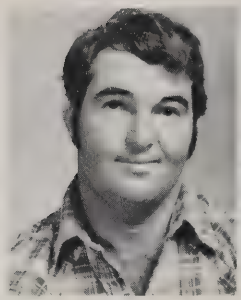
Wayne Proctor
Leesburg

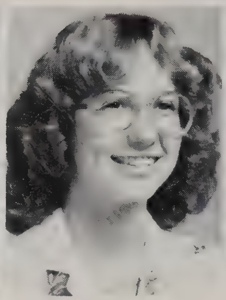
Jeanette Ratner
Umatilla

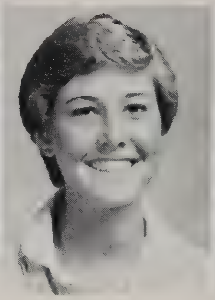
Lisa Register
Eustis

Julie Reed
Leesburg

Karen Reedy
Umatilla

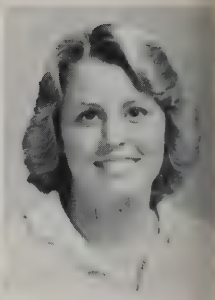

Michael Revels
Bushnell


Beth Rhodes
Eustis


Beth Rice
Bushnell

Cindy Richards
Sorrento

Larry Roberts
Eustis


Cathi Robinson
Paisley

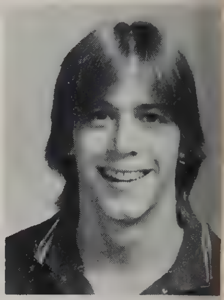
A friendly face always to be found in the college library belongs to Suzanne Stalker Shaffer. Besides being the library technician at LSCC, she is one of the thirty-nine students who comprised the college's first graduating class in 1964.

While enrolled at LSCC she was a member of the Drama Club when it performed its first production, "Measure of Love," she played an alto saxophone in the band and was editor of the "Angler."

Suzanne transferred to FSU, then later married Walter Shaffer whom she had met at an LSCC "Get Acquainted" dance. In July 1966 she was hired as processing secretary for the library but three years later she resigned for the birth of her son, Allen.

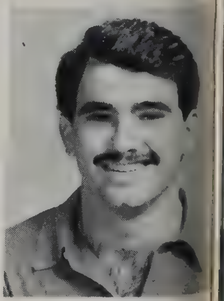
Returning to LSCC in her former job, she took night courses at UCF and the U. of F. for additional training. In 1979 she was promoted to library technician.

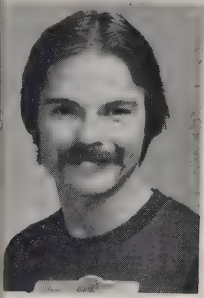
When asked how she felt returning to the college from which she had graduated, Mrs. Shaffer replied, "I have watched Lake-Sumter grow in size and reputation and consider it a privilege to have been a part of such a fine institution from the beginning."

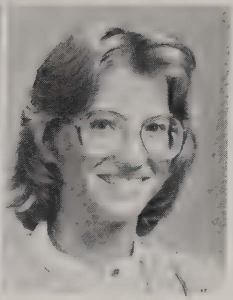

Dennis Robinson
Eustis

Cathy Roesel
Leesburg

Jo Jim Rogers
Leesburg


Lamar Rogers
Leesburg


James Royals
Wildwood


Lorie Royals
Wildwood

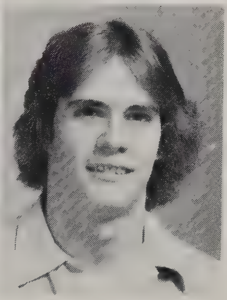
Palma Salerni
Lady Lake

Lori Santman
Wildwood

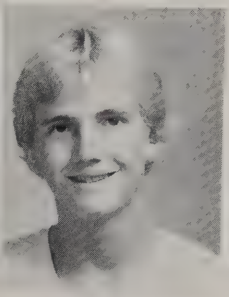
Lilian Schindler
Umatilla

Jodi Schnautz
Eustis

Irene Schoemaker
Leesburg


Mike Schultheis
Leesburg

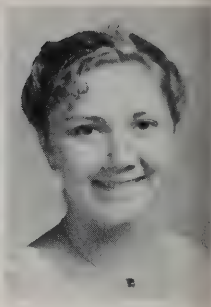
Kathy Scott
Leesburg


Ronnie Scott
Weirsdale

Suzanne Shaffer, a former LSCC student, has returned as library technician.

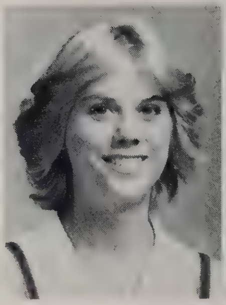
“Is this the SGA office?”

Robert Sebeny
Leesburg

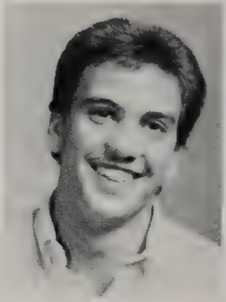

Tammy Shaffer
Leesburg

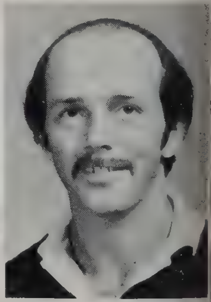
Mary Sheldon
Eustis

Erma Shepard
Clermont


Jennifer Sherburne
Groveland

Kathy Shipes
Lake Jem


Tom Shonkwiler
Mt. Dora


Edward Shook
Oxford

Kathy Short
Tavares

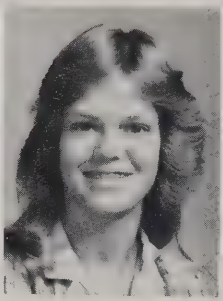
Hunter Silvers
Wildwood

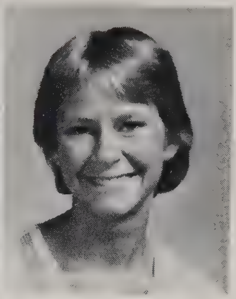
Paulette Simmons
Clermont

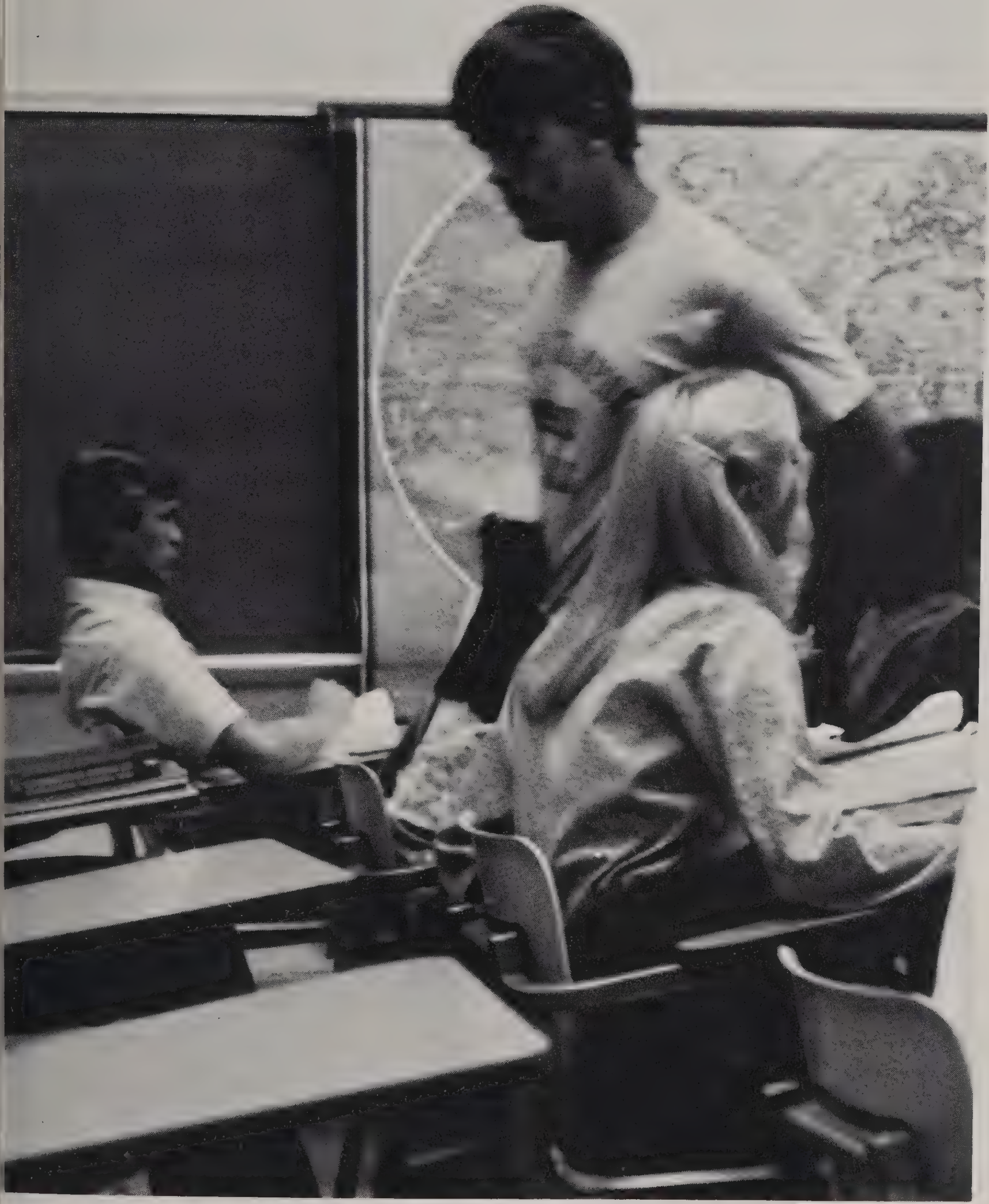
Sheila Simpson
Mt. Dora

Leslie Sizemore
Bushnell

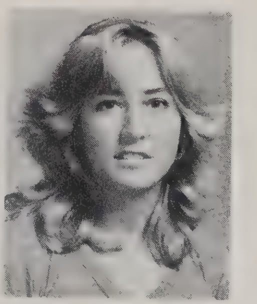
Robert Smathers
Mt. Dora

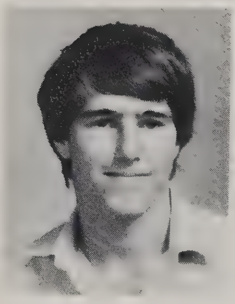

Julie Smith
Leesburg

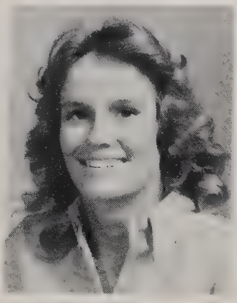

Stacy Smith
Umatilla


Mr. Rennie's class prepares for another day.

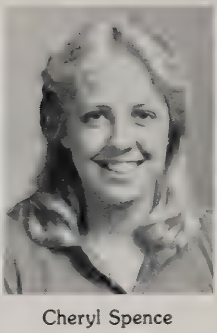
Daniel Sonnenberg
Grand Island


Frances Soto
Groveland


Erik Spanjerberg
Mt. Dora

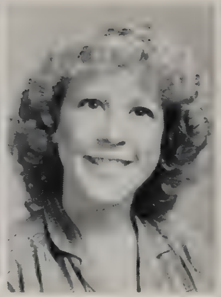

Penni Spears
Eustis

Al Spence
Lady Lake


Cheryl Spence
Leesburg

Carron Stegall
Leesburg

Marie Stephany
Tangerine


Denise Stephens
Mount Dora

Bert Stoothoff
Mount Dora

Beth Streeter
Mount Dora

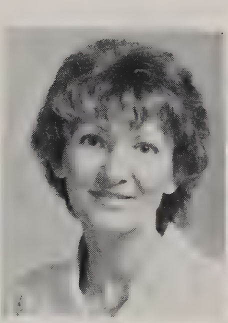
Greg Cumbaa helps Leesburg's Melon Patch Players with lighting for a play.

Patrice Strong
Leesburg

Gene Summers
Mount Dora

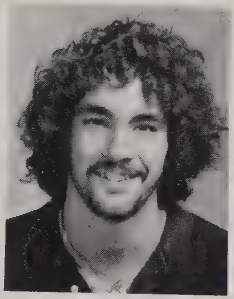
Daniel Swanson
Mount Dora

Another day at LSCC comes to an end.



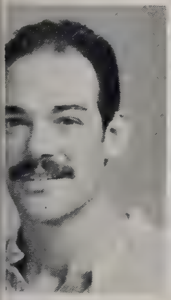
Beth Sweeney
Leesburg

Roosunya Sweetwine
Leesburg

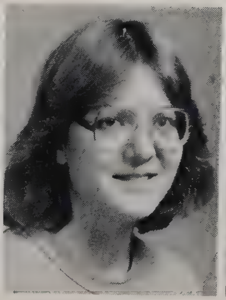


Bill Sykes
Umatilla

Nancy Taylor
Leesburg

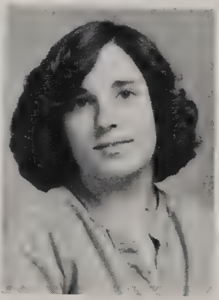


ter Thibodeau
Mount Dora



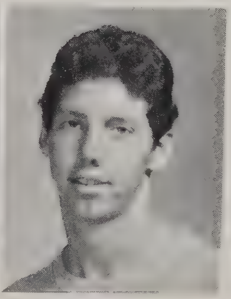
Angie Thoman
Leesburg

Janice Thomas
Webster

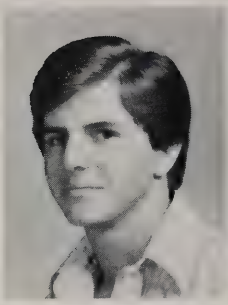


Mary Thomas
Bushnell

Clifford Traylor
Altoona

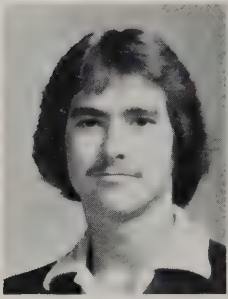


Ricky Tucker
Leesburg

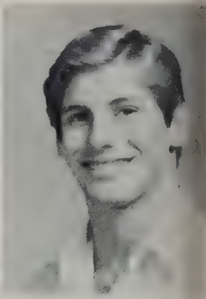


Jerry Turner
Webster

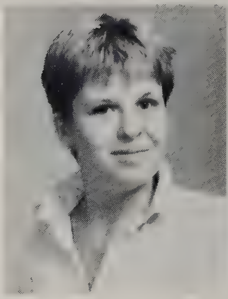
Dan Tuiney
Umatilla



ScottTutin
Mt. Dora

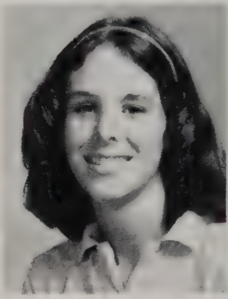


David VanDeroef
Mt. Dora

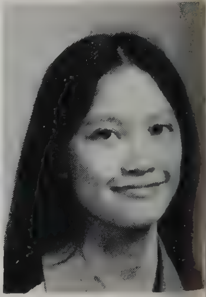


Anne Marie VanderStee
Leesburg

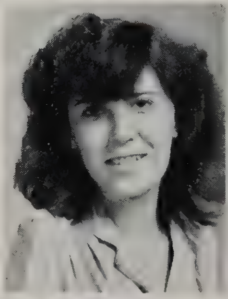
Kevin VanDyke
Leesburg



Sylvia Viles
Altoona



Thao Vu
Leesburg

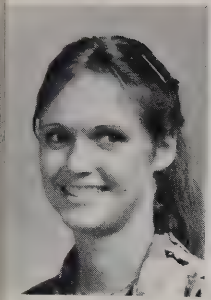


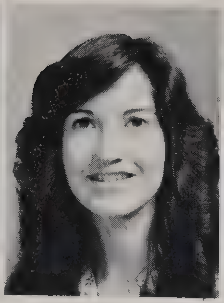
Janet Walker
Minneola

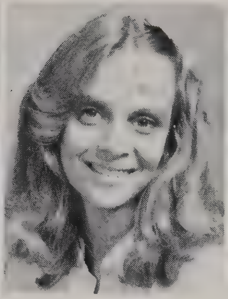
Mary Walker
Altoona

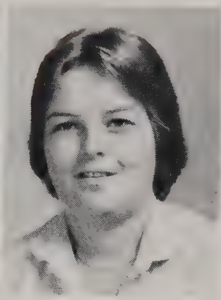
It had been thirty-six years since Rosina Randazzo had picked up a school book. But after a required minimum of Elementary school in England, marriage and the average family life later in the states, Rosina found time to do something she'd always wanted to do, continue her education. A graduate of Lee Adult with a fall High School diploma, she is now enrolled here and plans to get her degree. Rosina says that it doesn't matter if she ever uses it or not, the purpose is wholly, "Just to have it for me."

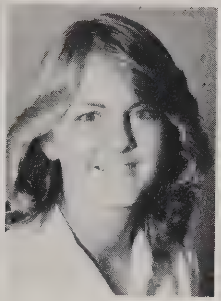
Why would a 53-year old suddenly decide to go back to school? "Because I want to," Rosina states and reminds us all that in this wide world of interests, "There's a lot of it there to learn."

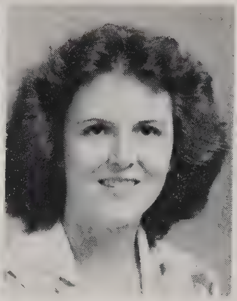

Amy Wall
Leesburg


Debbie Walton
Eustis

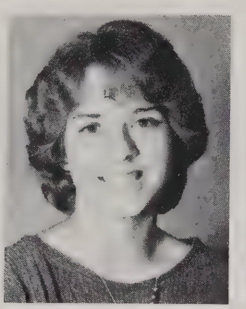

Angela Wegnet
Eustis

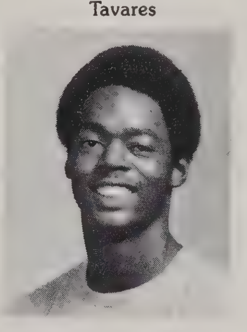

Dianne West
Wildwood


Rayna Wheelock
Leesburg

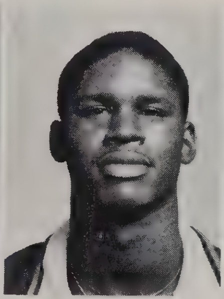

Beth White
Leesburg

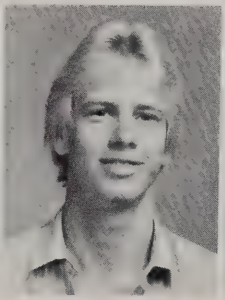
The college cafe not only provides delicious meals but also a place for students to socialize.

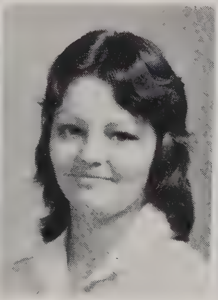

Shirley Whitehead
Tavares

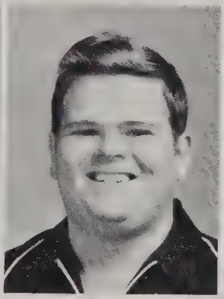

Anthanase Williams
Webster

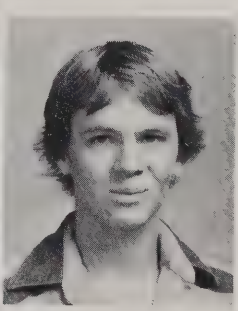
Colleen Williams
Eustis

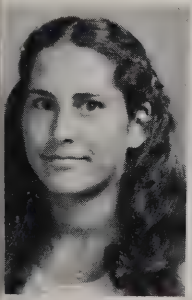

Eddie Williams
Leesburg


Paul Williams
Leesburg


Evelyn Willis
Eustis


David Wilson
Tavares


David Wilson
Tavares

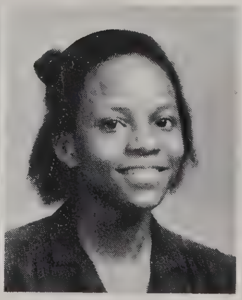

Susan Wolfe
Tavares

Ralph Woolf
Dona Vista

Patricia Wright
Eustis

Sandra Wright
Leesburg

Greg Yoder
Lady Lake


Eloise Young
Leesburg

Faculty,
Administration,
and Staff

DR. PALINCHAK
President

Welcome Mr. President:
At the 20th Birthday Celebration of L-SCC, we are happy to announce the arrival of our honored guest, Dr. Robert Palinchak, the new president of the college. He is emphasizing diversity in curriculum to extend college services throughout the community.

Bungert and Ellis talk it over.

LARRY ELLIS
Assistant to the President

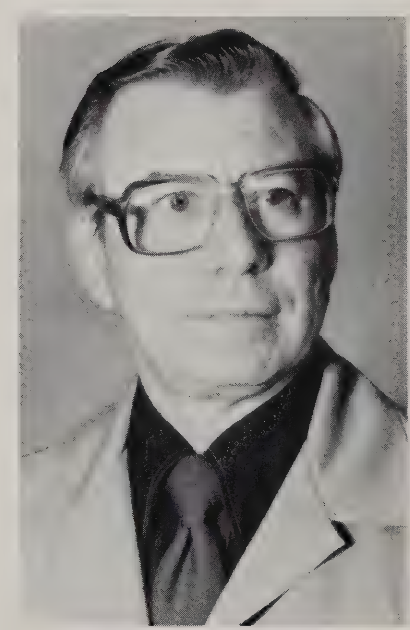
DIXIE JEAN ALLEN
Dean of Student Services

WALTER E. ALLAN
Assist. Dean of Acad. Serv.

WILLIAM C. BNGERT
Dean of College

Jennifer Burg relaxes after a hard day.

LOUIS BURG
Security



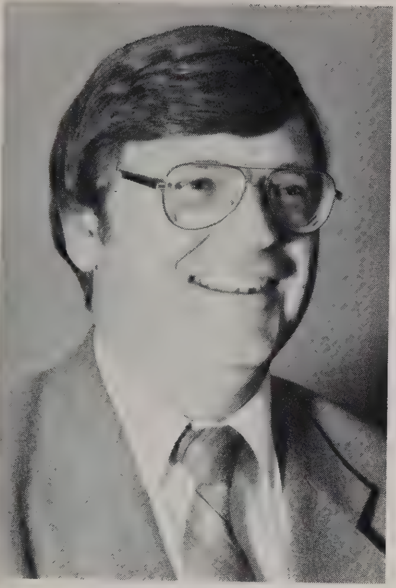
DELBERT H. COPELAND
Learning Resources

CHRISTINE B. HAMILTON
Budget/Acct.

LESTER RUTH
Planning and Research

EVELYN A. SEBREE
Financial Aid

Directors



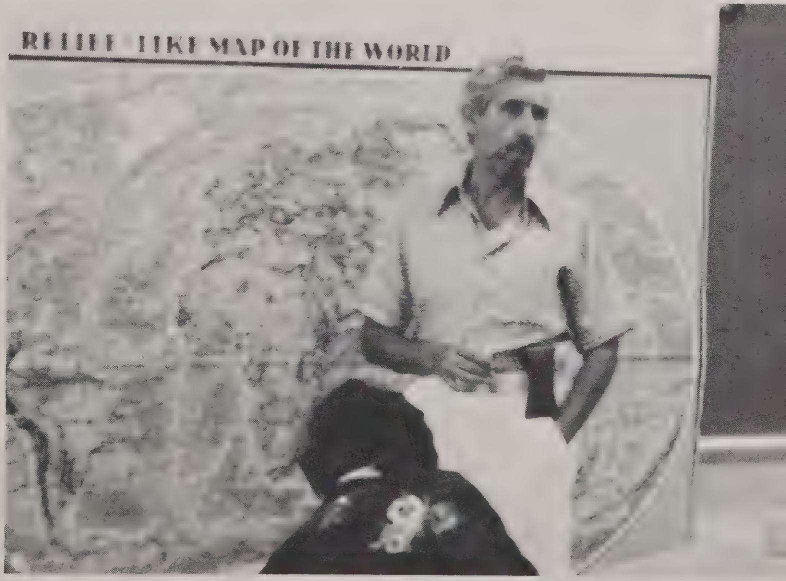
JERRY SMITH
Admissions

JEAN SNEED
Community Relations

MARY RUTH TAYLOR
Student Activities

JOHN TRULUCK
Data Processing

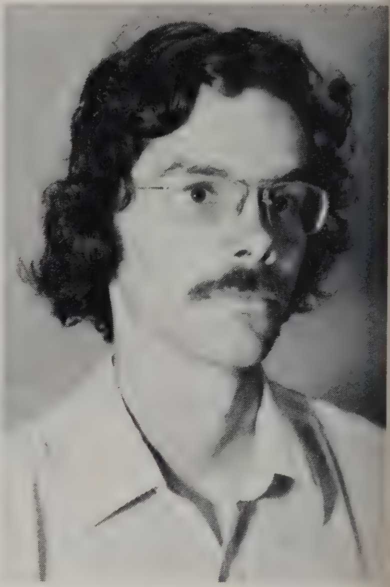
Mr. Lowery mellows out.


RELIEF-LIKE MAP OF THE WORLD

Mr. Rennie looks the other way.

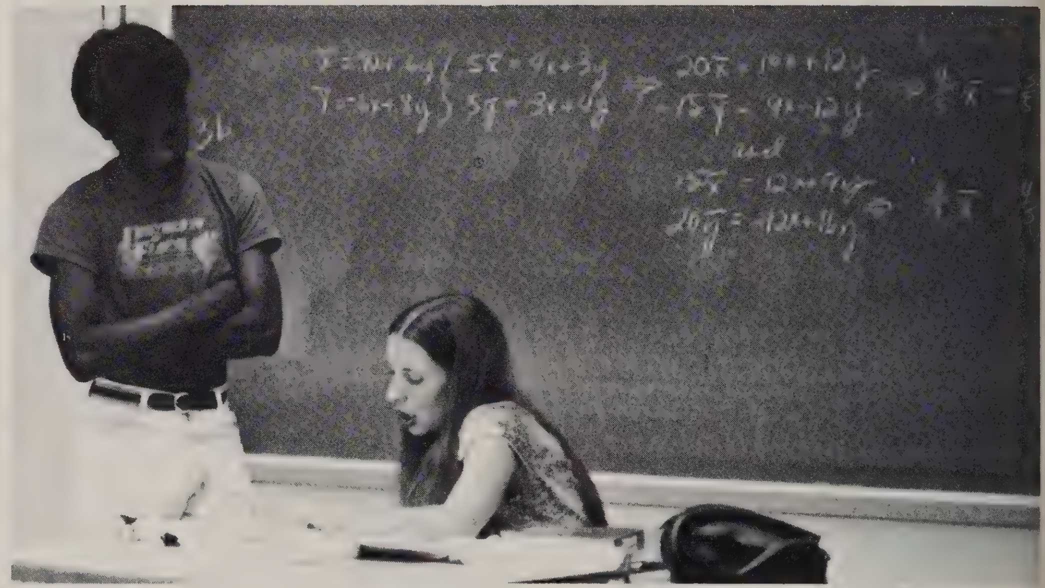
BARBARA D. BROWN
Cooperative Education Coord.

JANET CLELAND
Teacher Asst.



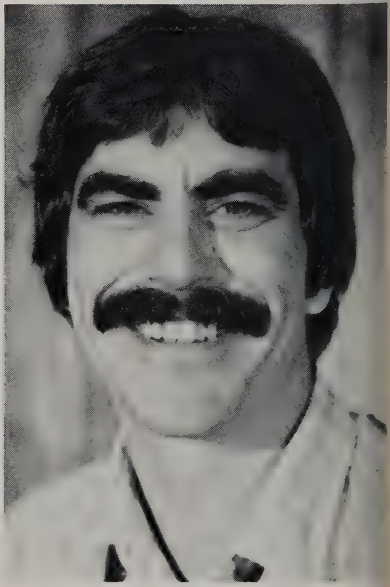
WILLIAM H. DIXON
Computer Programmer

TERRY FOWLER
Key Punch Operator



ANN S. HERRING
Coordinator Comm. Inst. Serv.

BILL KENNEDY
Counselor



RAY LOWERY
Media Technician

TAMARA J. MATTHIAS
Xerox Oper./Postal Clerk

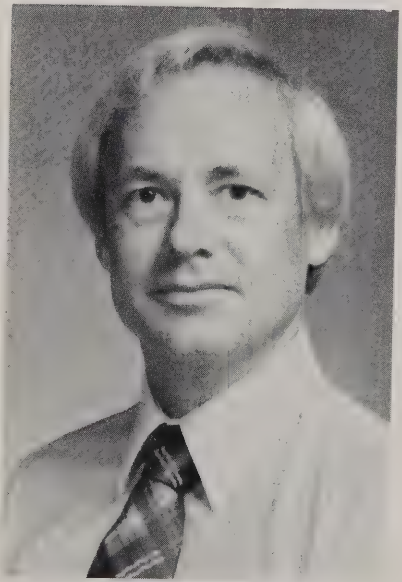
GWEN McLIN
Amer. Lit./Naiad Advisor

Special Staff

MARQUERITE S. PHILLIPS
Bookstore Manager

HELEN C. SERGESON
Library Technician

SUZANNE SHAFFER
Library Technician



W. DOUGLAS TRABERT
Media Specialist

Humanities

and

Social Science

LAVERA YARISH
Division Chairman

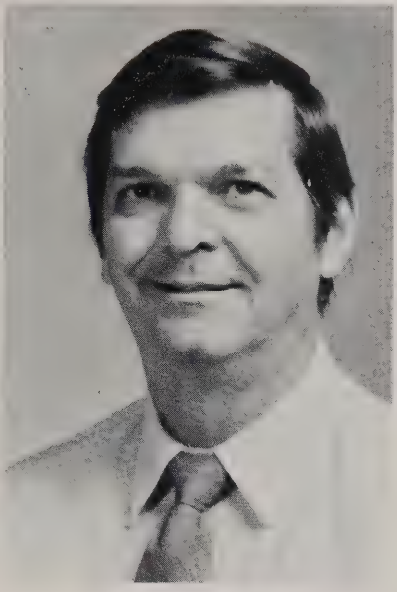
JENNIFER BURG
English, French

LEROY E. BYNUM JR.
Music

THOMAS H. CUPPETT
English, Reading

LYNN P. FRITCH
English, Speech

ANN GASTON
Developmental English

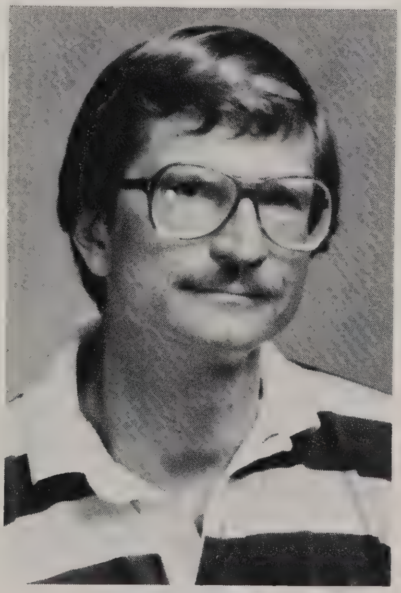


ERVIN GATLIN
Music, Grants

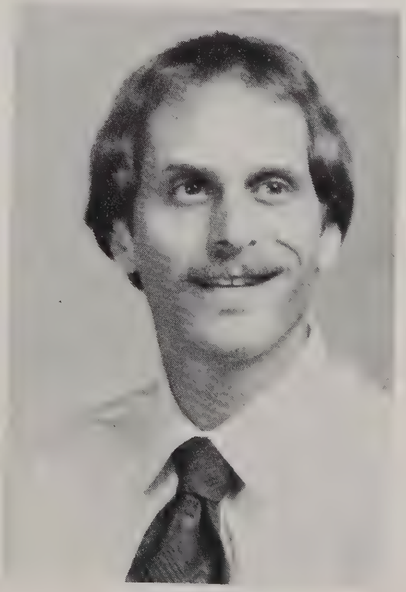
JARED GRABER
Social Science

JEANNE KELTON
Art, Business

JANET KING
Art

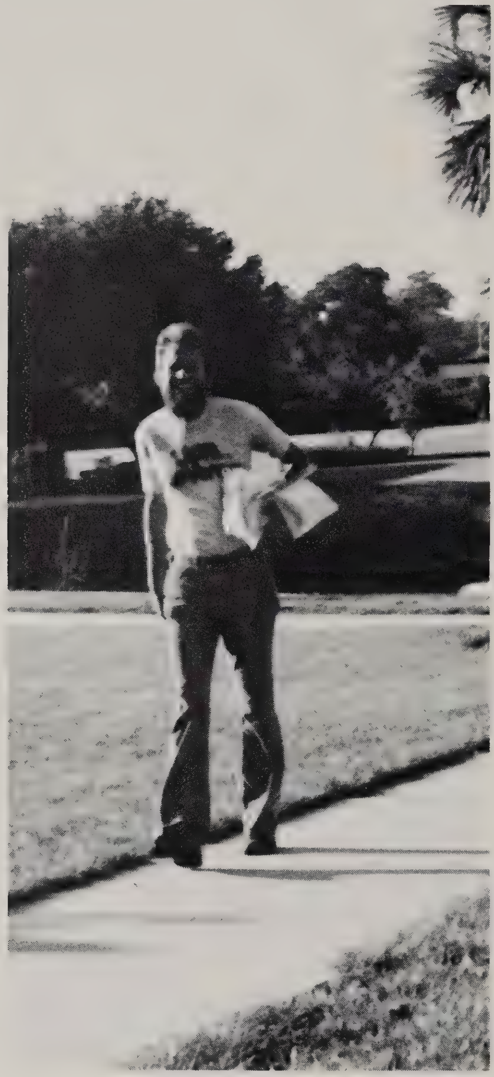


DAVID KRAUSE
Social Science



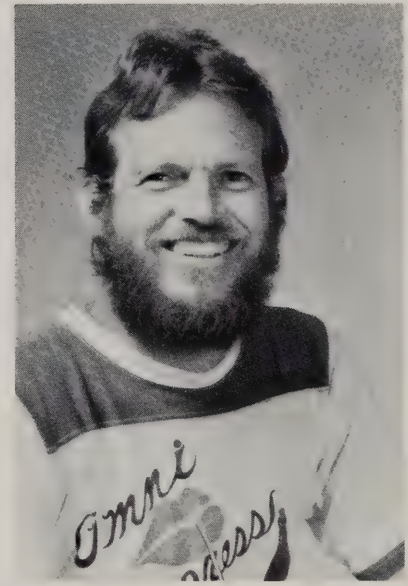
BART MARANTZ
Music

David Payne hoofs it to class.

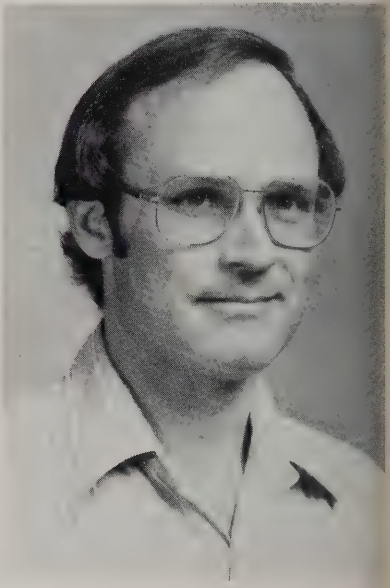


CAROLYN MEYER
Psychology

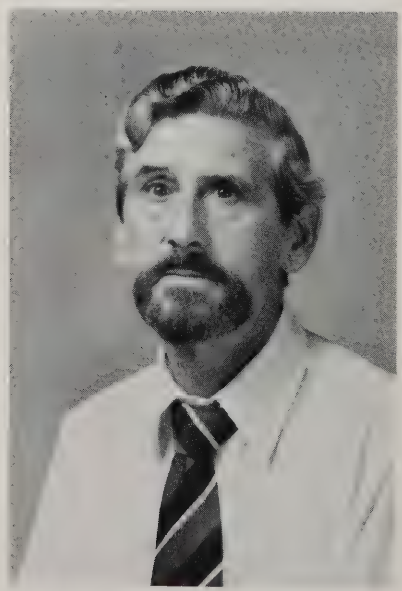
JEFFREY MORRIS
Criminal Justice



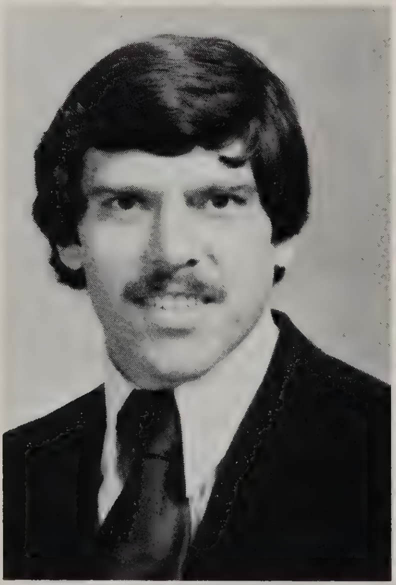
DAVID PAYNE
English, Theater



JOHN RATA
English



JAMES RENNIE
English



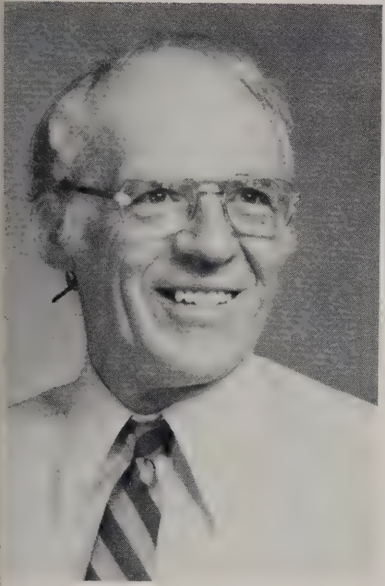
GLENN RICCI
Commercial Art

ABBY SPERO
English

ROBERT C. WALL
Division Chairman

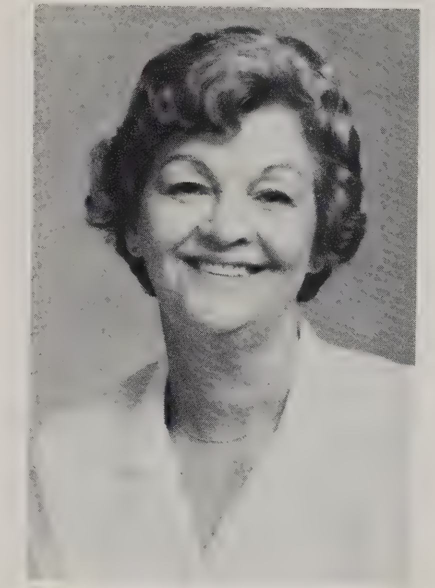
SHARON ARTHUR
Mathematics

A. P. BONNER
Mathematics, Physics

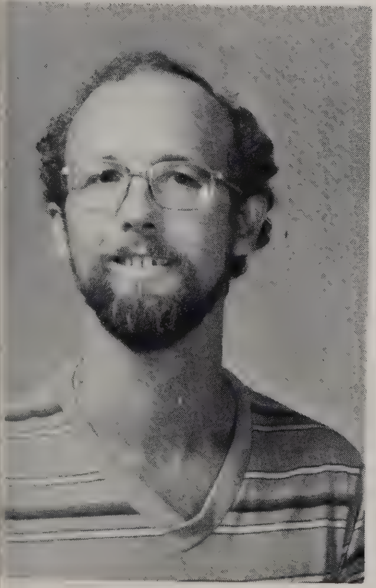


EDMUND CAMERON
Chemistry

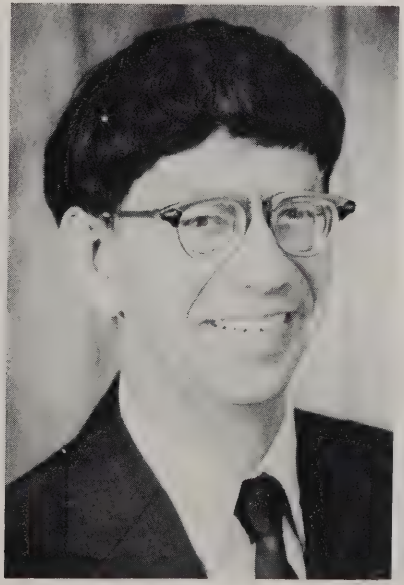
Math and Science



VERA DANDRIDGE
Biological Science



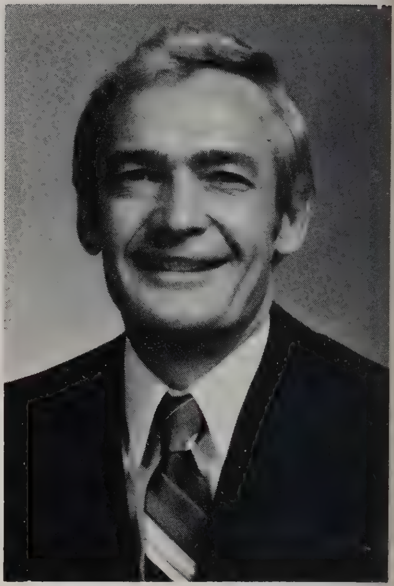
PETER KEHDE
Biological Science



E. LAMAR SHARP
Mathematics

BOBBIE WAGONER
Mathematics

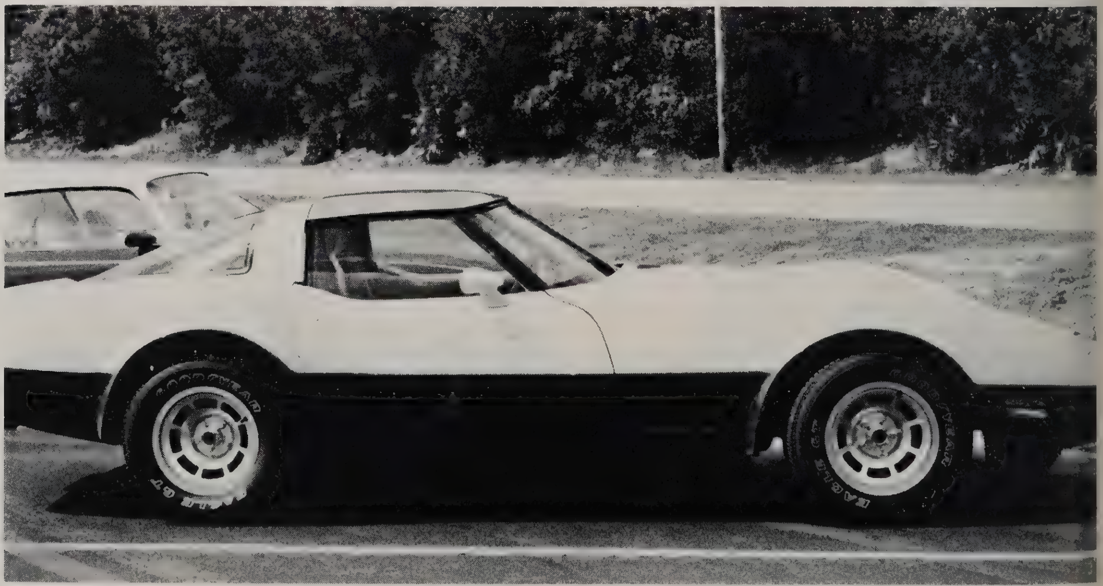
Business, Health & Technology

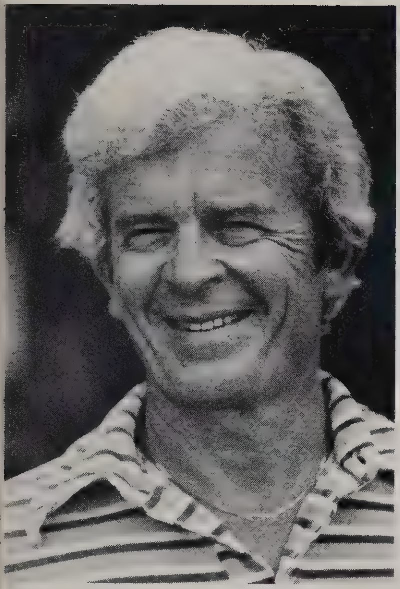

JAMES GRIGSBY
Division Chairman

MARY CAPONI
Business

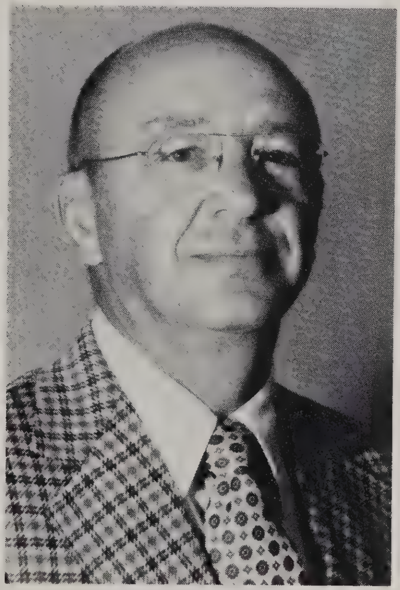
DEBRA DABNEY
Physical Education

RICHARD GEISSLER
Technical Education

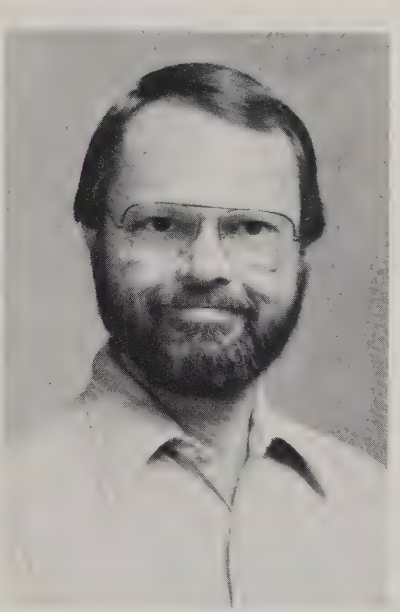




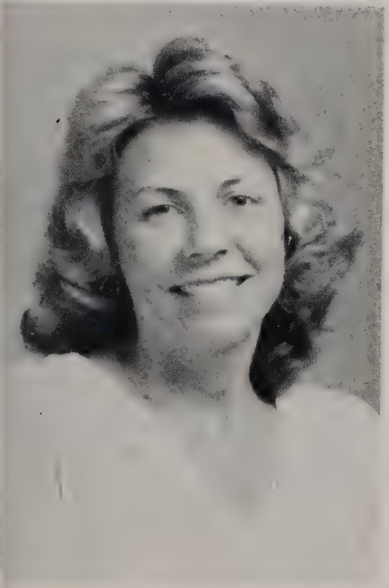
DELBERT HOLLINGSWORTH
Physical Education



JACOB KERTZ
Technical Education



JOHN NEAL
Economics



MARY JO RAGER
Business

JOSEPH RHILE
Business

EVELYN CRABB
Sec. to Asst. Dean
of Acad. Serv.

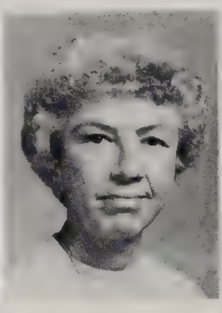
BETTY LOU FURNAS
Sec. to the President

JEAN GATLIN
Sec. to Dean,
Bus. & Adm. Serv.

FREIDA GRANT
Faculty Secretary

BESSIE HAYNES
Sec. to Dir. Learn. Res.

PAT HUNT
Sec. to Dir., Admissions


DOROTHY JOHNSON
Processing Sec., Library

CATHERINE LOWERY
Sec. Bookstore
& Stu. Serv.

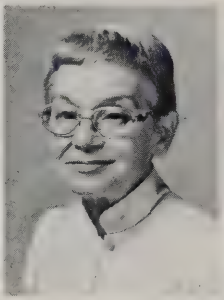
REBA MOORE
Receptionist,
PABX Operator

SHARON RANKINE
Sec. Plan. & Res.,
Comm. Rel.

MELVINA ROBINSON
Sec. to Dean,
Stu. Serv.

CATHY SMITH
Sec., Continuing Educ.

JUNE TABER
Sec. to Student Activities


NEVA TALLMAN
Sec. to Dean
of Acad. Serv.

GLORIA WALKER
Vet. Affairs
& Student Rec.

MARIAN WHITEHEAD
Sec. Media Center

Secretaries

Custodial Staff

Floyd Perry and Toni Bui

Leroy Adams
Super. of Yard Crew

Alfred Drayton and Elmer Jaekin

Roger Rogers and Fred Mosley

Organizations

T. R A. S. H

ACT I

ACT II

ACT III

ACT IV

It's Our
BIRTHDAY
Help Us Celebrate

CURTAIN CALL

The action of the play takes place at Lake Sumter Community College in Leesburg, Florida during the 20th birthday celebration of the school — as performed by the Theatre Arts Society.

ACT I: Dan Wagner, Ann Coleman, Joy Hill, Margaret Cross, Bill Sykes.

ACT II: Michelle Stumborg, Mary Geminiani, Mark McSheehy, Greg Cumbaa.

ACT III: Sylvia Viles, Daniel Swanson, Beth White, Bebe Chedeusz.

ACT IV: Larry Pirela, David Payne, Cee Cee Kay, Robyn Baker, Monica Gowan.

ROTORACT

Kneeling: Scotty Sullivan. First Row: Vickie Flowers, Rayna Wheelock, Stacey Smith, Malinda Davis, Carron Stegall, Dee Dee Pharr, Lynn Williamson, Bonnie Winn, Judy Pruett, Debbie Ottman. Second Row: Terry Flanagan, Lynne Bowersox, Roger Croft, Carol Nicholas, Chaz Wells, Phill McNutt, John Whorley, Reed Kelley, Ed Joyce. Third Row: Louis George, Tim Baker, Becky Porter, Billy Kaylor, Amy Wall, Steve Cameron, Scott Perez. Fourth Row: Mr. Jerry Smith, Tony Stultz.

BSU

Black Student Union. First Row: Teretha Caple—Vice-President, Penny Birdson—Treasurer, Trish Manual, Wynona Johnson. Second Row: Pat Wright, Glenda Parham—President, Andrea McNish, Shandra Wilson. Third Row: Israel Williams, Gwen McDuffie, Kathy Shorts, Greg Pelham.

PHI THETA KAPPA

Phil McNutt, George Delpit, Bonnie Winn, Mary Brooks, Eva Panillio, Gloria Sharpe, Kyle Havill, Lori Hall, Beth Bragg, Mrs. Dandridge, Mrs. King.

SGA

First Row: Glenda Parham, Cindy Klingler, Eva Panlilio, Trixie Clifton, Judy Pruett. Second Row: Becky Porter, Bonnie Winn, Margaret Berry, Debbie Ottman, Nancy Bailes, Crystal Coulter, Mrs. Dabney. Third Row: Mark McSheehy, Israel Williams, Greg Rhodes, Bob Hodges, Cris Lang, Mr. Lowrey. Fourth Row: Kyle Havill, Mike Ruszkowski, Billy Harding.

PHI BETA LAMBDA

Top Row: Cheryl Collins, Susan Cauthen, George Delpit, Deanna Hobbs, Carol Cauthen, Celia Gonatos, Susan Richards, Betty Brown, Thomas Stephens, Gloria Sharp.

Celia Gonatos — Parliamentarian, Carol Cauthen — Treasurer, Gloria Sharp — Historian, Deanna Hobbs — Vice-President, George Delpit — President.

CAFÉ KLATCH

The Cafe Klatch is the newest club on campus. Some of the activities they were responsible for were various social nights featuring live entertainment, a Christmas party for underprivileged children, and new cafeteria decor. In addition, the club was among the winners in the "Christmas around the Lake." We expect to see many more innovations in the future from this club. The Club consists of the following members: Donna Mathis, Cindy Loudamy, Carl Schlobahm — Publicity Advisor, Ann Coleman, Pat Donker, Robert Loudamy, Bill Sykes — President, Margaret Cross, Greg Yoder — Vice-President, Joy Hill, Cris Robinson — Treasurer, Camera shy, Joyce Potter — Secretary.

Christian Campus Ministry

Judy Pruitt
Mark Brown
Bonnie Winn
Melissa Parker
Becky Porter

Jerry Freeze, Phil McNutt, Lynn Bowersox, Chaz Wells, Beth Bragg, Scotty Sullivan, Rayna Wheelock.

Left: Peter Kehde—sponsor, George Maloy—treasurer, Mark McSheehy—president, Jo Beth Arington—vice-president, Daniel Sonnenburg—secretary.
Above: Jeana Perkins, Al Gonzalez, Amy Wall, Tim Coyle, Lynn Williamson.

VOLUNTEERS

First Group: Sharon Linkhurst, Bill Miller, Chaz Wells, Rebecca Thornton, Janice Herpst, Kim Henderson. Second Group: Carole Covertson, Jim Summe, Bill Sykes, Chris Robinson, Becky Porter, Lora Downard, Rayna Wheelock, Alice Martin

Third Group: Debbie Wallace, Donia Smith, Michelle Stumborg, Tracy Shuman, Greg Dextrose, Pam Thurston, Joy Helmick, Jamie Holland

Fourth Group: Anita Truman, Gwildon Haynes, Marcia Johnston, Robert Toliver, Susan Smithson, Sheila Simpson

Fifth Group: Lori Hall, Barbara Turner, Julia Ammerman, Amy Stout, Dee Dee Pharr, Kim Montgomery, Joyce Potter, Jo Beth Arrington.

The Angler
EDITOR: Larry Savage
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Carole Coverston
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Lisa Finkelstein
PHOTOGRAPHER: Ann Coleman
ARTIST: Duane Miller
STAFF: Lisa Beard, Nandi Boliek, Florence Charlton, Wynona Johnson, John Knight, Audry McCullough, Judy Miller, Melanie Peter, Robbie Ross, Lynnette Saladin, Cheryl Spence, David Vanderoef, Amy Wall, Rob Young.
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ANGLER

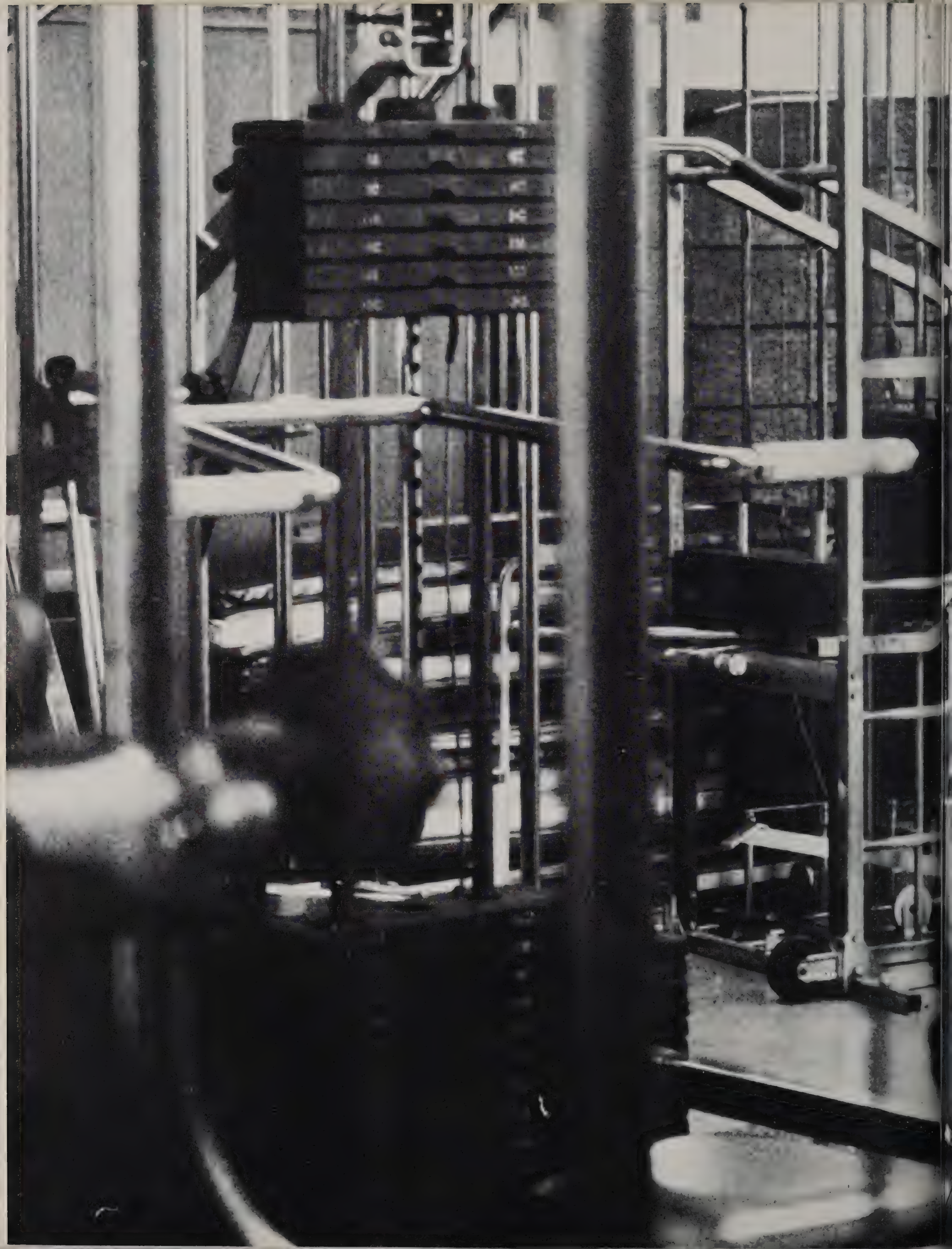
Right:
Larry Savage

NAIAD/ODYSSEY

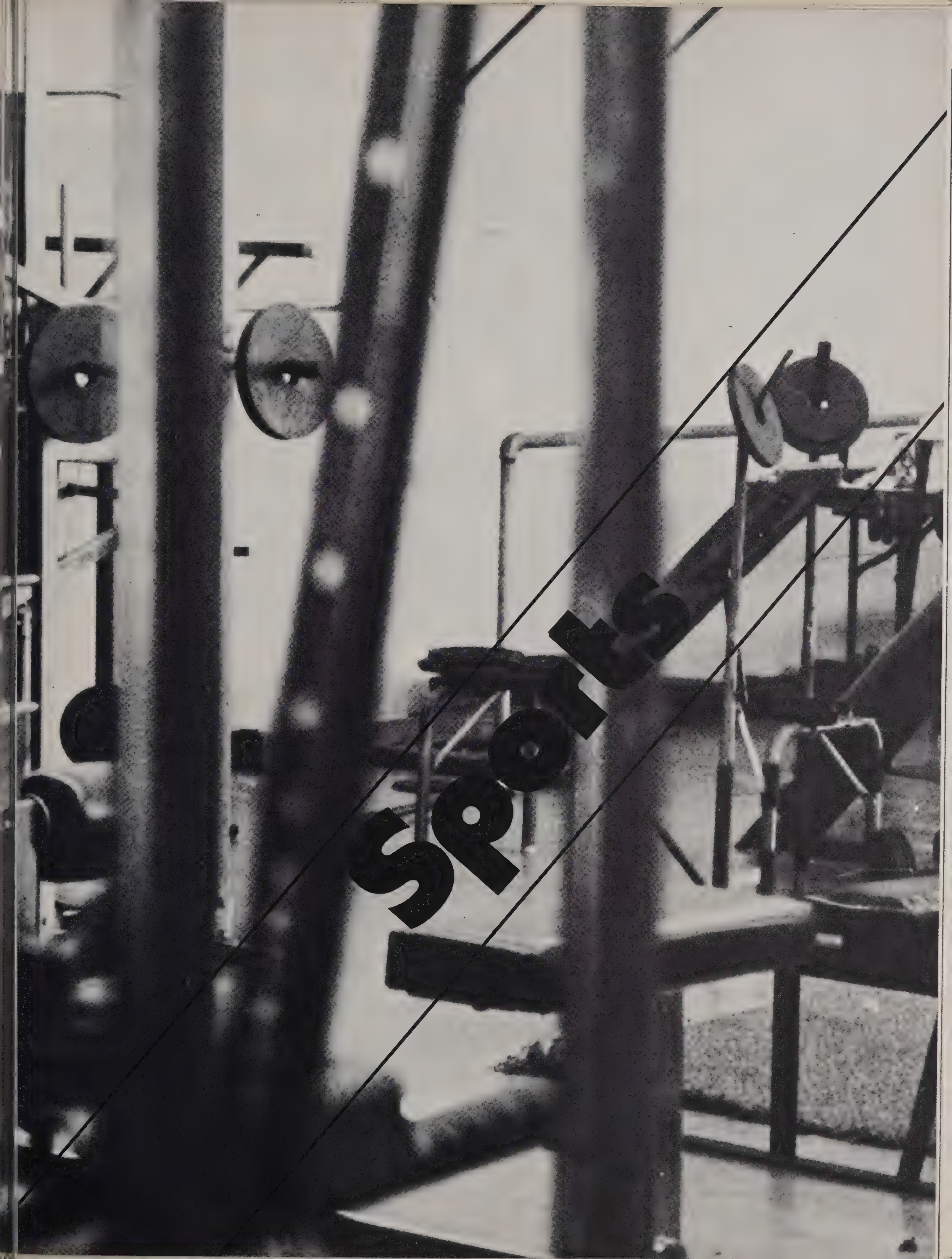
(Super Trooper Staff)

Super Troopers are Roslyn Chappell, Nancy Bailes—Business Manager, Trella Mott—Editor, Lisa Register, Sally Milton, Mary Pohlman, Gwen McLin—Advisor. Not Pictured: Tracy Crouch—Photographer.

ROZ
NANCY
LISA
GWEN
SALLY



sports



SUDWEISER WINS FOOTBALL

SUDWEISER

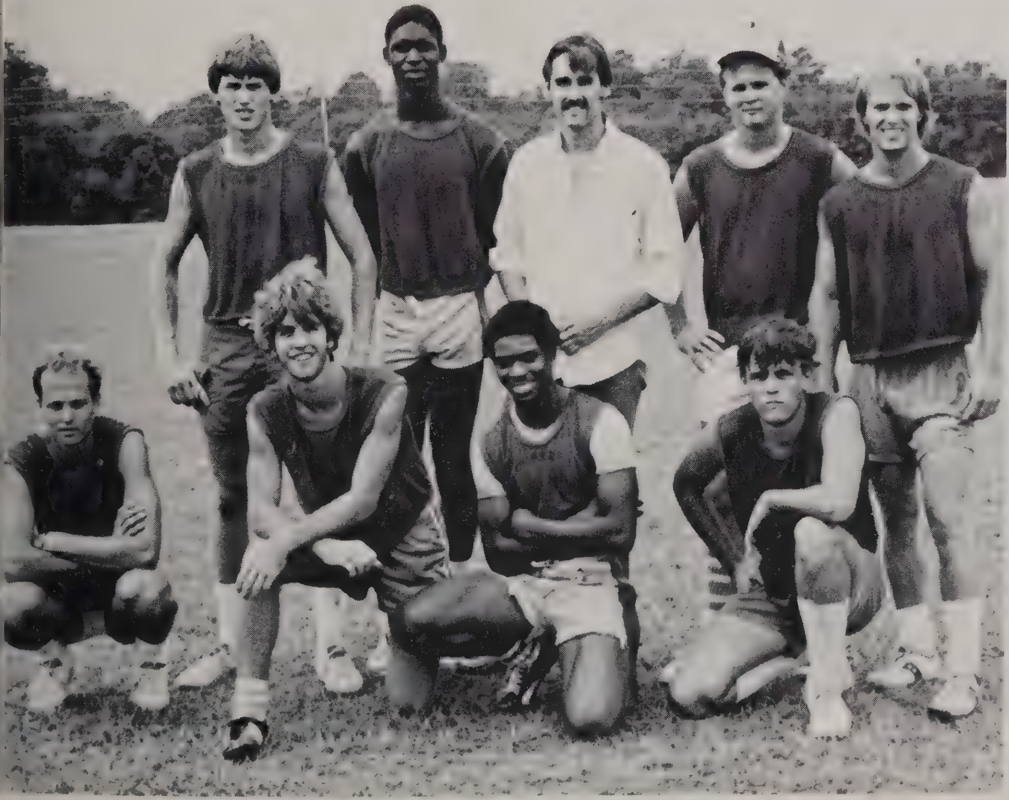
Capt. Will Siebert
Randy Blair
Wayne Siebert
David Wilson
Billy Wintersdorf
Pat Walsh
Vernon Hutto
Danny Brown

Phil McNutt leaps for a pass.

CHAMPIONSHIP

Jerome Kyler puts up a fight for the ball.

Walter Lobinske: ready for action



SNOW WHITE AND
THE SEVEN DWARFS,
RUNNERS-UP.

Capt. Kevin Colborne
Steve Cameron
Billy Kaylor
Phil McNutt
Ray Meeks
Eddie Williams
Jerome Kyler
Jerry Caple
Mark Edwards
Jim Jordan

Time out with the referees.

Deanna Hobbs reaches beyond the call of duty.

A touchdown run.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs ready for the snap of the ball.

Both teams hustle for the possession of the ball.

With teammates heading down the field, John Worley kicks off.

One of the referees, Wymer Johnson, takes his own time out.

BASKETBALL

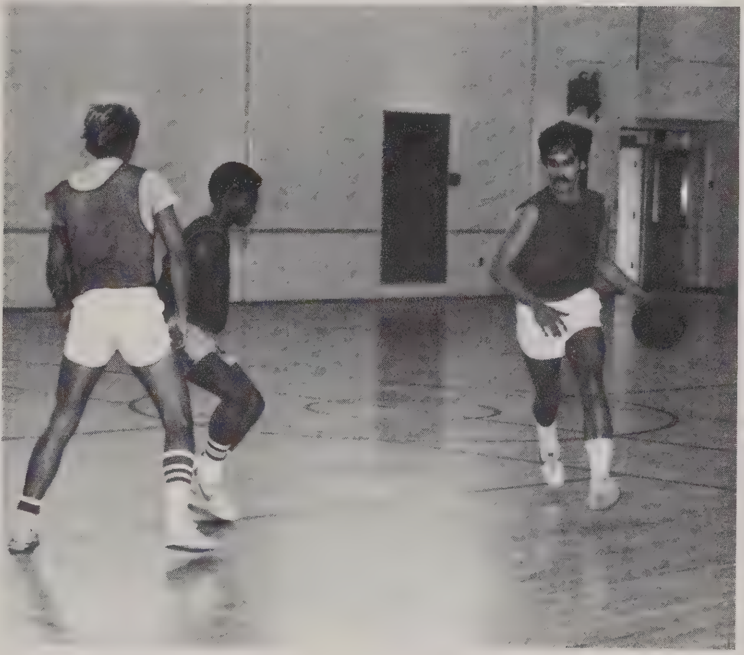
BOMB SQUAD
WINNERS

Capt. Griffin Bridges
Jerome Kyler
Eddie Williams
Jerry Caple
Dick Sizelow
Roger Croft
Pat McKeeby
Ed Joyce
Greg Pelham

Al Spence on the rebound.

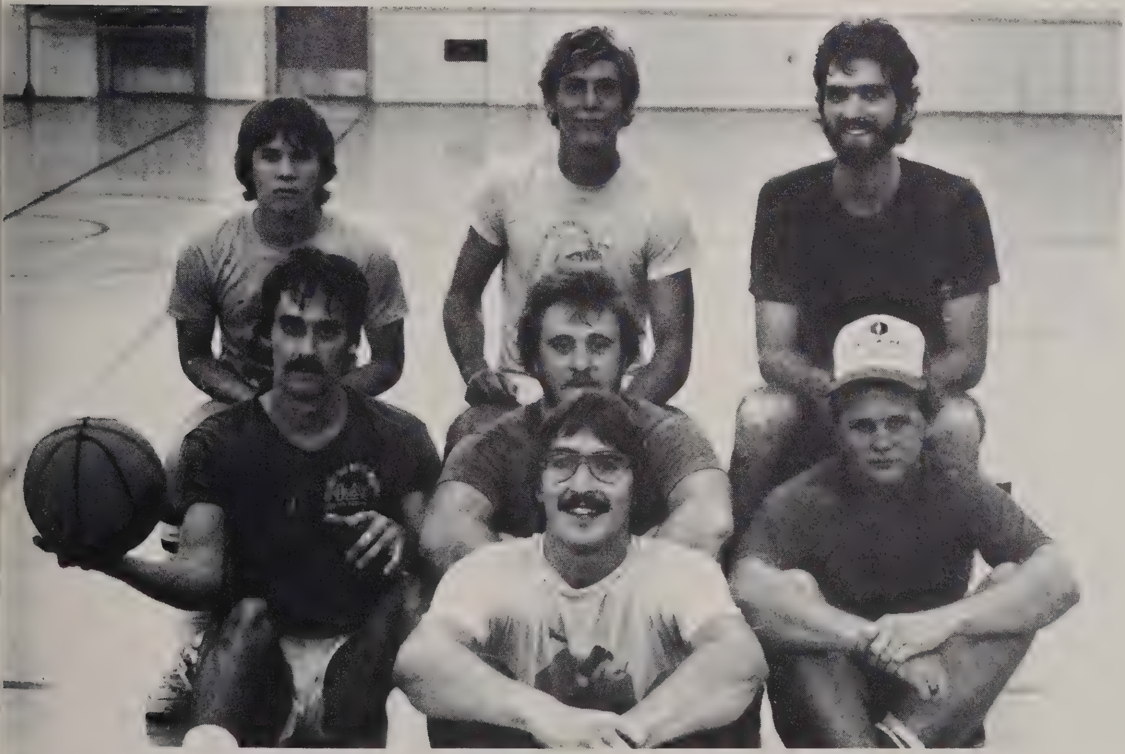
ONE-ON-ONE

WINNER: Al Spence
RUNNER-UP: Griffin Bridges
FREE-THROW
WINNER: Dick Sizelow
RUNNER-UP: Billy Wintersdorf



Billy Wintersdorf scores for PFC.

Kevin Colborne travels down court.



P F C, RUNNERS-UP

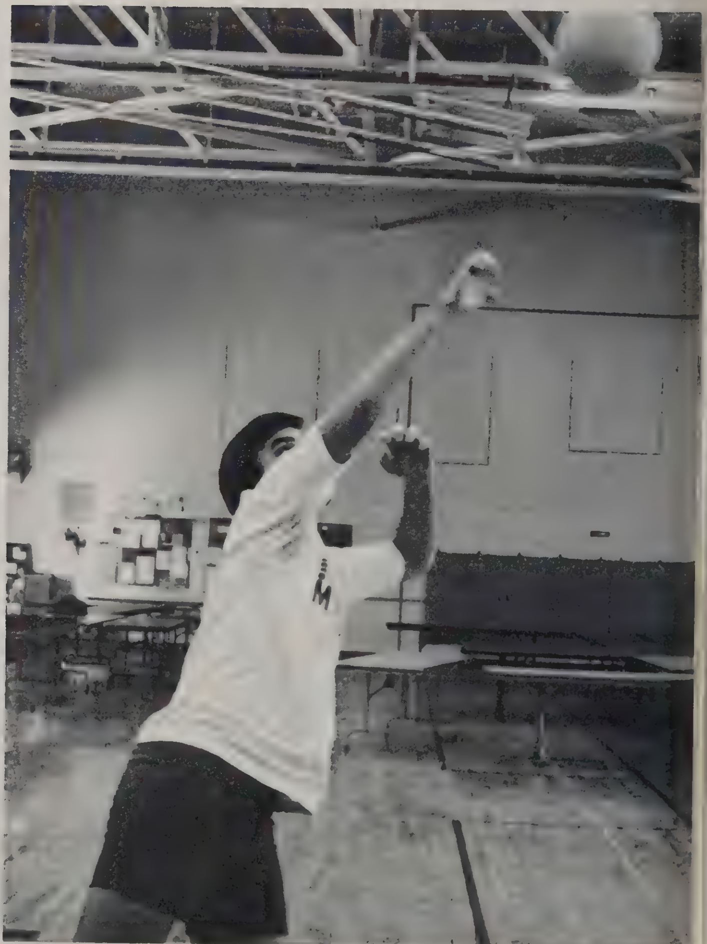
Capt. Al Spence
Richard Kujan
Jerry Freeze
George Mallow
Sean McVay
Bill Wintersdorf
Kevin Colborne
Terry Evans
Ray Meeks
David Wilson

VOLLEYBALL

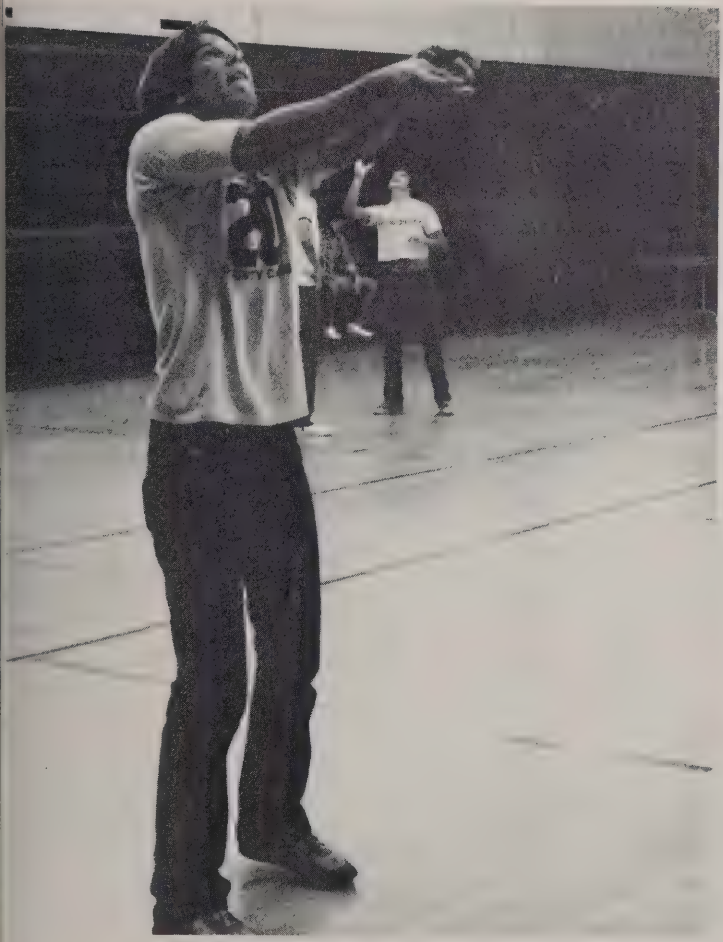
Sally Butts practices her skills.

Joy Getford sets the ball up.

Everyone takes a position as a new game begins.



Coach Del Hollingsworth watches as the ball goes over the net.



Max Pecins takes a step back to serve.

GOLF

Left to Right — Asst. Coach — David Carter, Head Coach — Al Kelley, David Ayris, Steve Girard, Cliff Taylor, and Daniel Sonnenb

22
30
25
23
21

Coach

. . . Dr. Del Hollingsworth, Athletic Director, physical education instructor, as well as a charter member of the Lake Sumter Community College staff, has witnessed many changes in the Athletic department and foresees changes that will take place in the future.

Dr. Hollingsworth has been with the LSCC team since 1962 when the college first opened on the Leesburg High School campus. Directing athletics interests Hollingsworth; however, his "first love" has always been instructing physical education.

Presently, Lake Sumter participates in three intercollegiate athletic activities: men's golf, and men's and women's tennis. However, according to Hollingsworth, over the past twenty years, LSCC has taken part in men's basketball, baseball, cross country, tennis, golf, and various other sports.

Hollingsworth accepts LSCC's future sport plans with open arms: Men's varsity basketball and women's varsity volleyball will join tennis and golf next year to expand the athletic program.

Dr. Hollingsworth adds that in a few years he would like to see the re-initiation of men's baseball. He is also in favor of introducing women's basketball and softball as well as men's and women's swimming. Hollingsworth believes that the addition of these programs will help to boost the morale and also give the college some "identity."

INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS

L. to R.: Greg Dextraze, Phil McNutt, Steve Cameron, Coach Bob Cisney, Dan Howell, Mike Pruess, John O'Reilly.

Mike Pruess

GETS INTO FULL SWING

John O'Reilly

Steve Cameron

Phil McNutt

Greg Dextraze

Irene Schoemaker watches the birdie.

Joy Getford

JAB
EVERLAST

No match for Sally Milton.

Lamar Rogers presides over a football game.

Velma Smith and Coach Hollingsworth keep score.

Calvin Holloway demonstrates how to use the leg curl.

Annemarie Stee

Trung Bui

A New Staff Member . . .

As the new basketball coach, Hugh Lindsley will be an addition to the Lake-Sumter Community College staff. And basketball will be a new intercollegiate sport at Lake-Sumter.

After attending Mount Dora High School, Lindsley attended L-SCC and played on its very first basketball team in 1962. As a 5′8″ guard, he was the team's leading scorer and Most Valuable Player during his two years there. His coach was none other than Delbert Hollingsworth, Lake-Sumter's current athletic director.

"It's sort of like a homecoming returning to the area," Lindsley said, who currently lives in New Port Richey, where he has been teaching at Gulf Comprehensive High School. "It's a fine part of the state and basketball needs to be promoted in this area."

After his two-year basketball career at L-SCC, Lindsley transferred to the University of South Florida and graduated in 1966 — before the Tampa school began its basketball program.

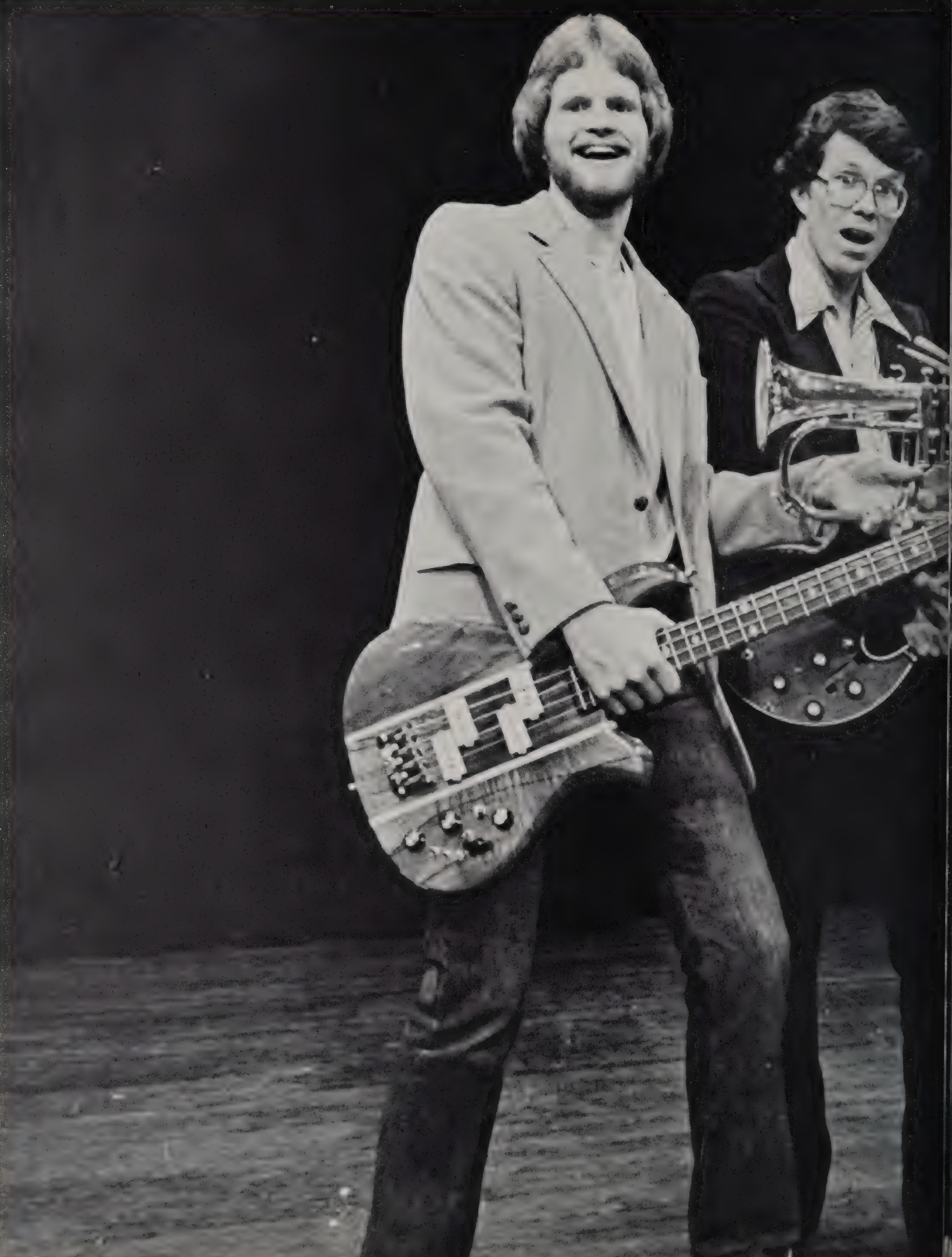
He then spent two years as an assistant basketball coach with the Leesburg High School Yellow Jackets before taking over the head coaching position at Candler Lake Weir High School in 1968.

During 1975-76, he was a graduate assistant for Auburn University's basketball team while receiving his masters degree. He coached the Tiger's junior varsity team and part of his duties included recruiting prospects from Georgia and Florida.

"Basketball's been my life ever since I got out of school," said Lindsley, 38. "I'm excited about the new challenge — we're going to try to do as well as possible here."

Lindsley's task will be to rebuild from scratch a program that was dropped for economic reasons in 1974 along with baseball.

"If you're going to do it, you might as well do it right," Lindsley said about the school's athletic resurgence. "Even if I hadn't been selected, I told the committee I was very happy they were starting the program back up — I always like to hear that ball bouncing. There are great possibilities and great facilities."



Activities

THIRD ANNUAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

"Jazz festivals are not a dead dinosaur," emphatically maintains Bart Marantz, disagreeing with a discouraged colleague who directs Jazz Studies at a major university.

LSCC's Director of Instrumental Music insists, "Jazz music today is an international form of expression and can no longer be called Simple American Folk Music as it once was. Artists in all countries are constantly exchanging ideas and expanding the limits of their medium to new levels of understanding. Because of the jazz education boom of the past fifteen years, it is not now possible for today's well-informed student to relegate jazz to the realm of simple, untutored dance hall music."

Marantz explains, "Jazz is spontaneous composition based on an exact theory, resulting in instant musical creation. This exact theory has evolved through many periods of jazz history such as the Traditional, Swing, Be Bop, Post Bop, Cool, Mainstream and Avant Garde. Good jazz musicians must be rooted in these evolutionary stages in order to give authentic jazz performances. The harmony, form and style of the music is determined by the musical context."

According to Marantz, "A jazz experience, especially on the educational level, is much more than someone taking an improvised solo within a musical ensemble." Because of the creational depth involved, the Jazz Festival provides a valuable learning situation for not only the music student but all other participants and observers.

Bart Marantz, Co-ordinator of one of the biggest Jazz Festivals in the Southeast, brings "All that Jazz" to LSCC.

FEATURES CHUCK MANGIONE

L-SCC ANNUAL Jazz Festival FEB.6-7 81

Chuck Mangione and his Quartet were featured at the Third Annual Jazz Festival held at LSCC February 4, 5, and 6, 1981. Bart Marantz, Director of the Festival, encouraged student participation in this event which included performances by high school and college level bands and auditions for a Festival All-Star Band to work with the guest clinicians.

A clinic on jazz improvisation was followed by an open forum by the three guest clinicians from the award-winning University of Miami Jazz Department. They are Dan Bonsanti, widely acclaimed woodwind musician and Department Chairman; Don Coffman, accoustic and electric bassist; and Vience Lawrence, pianist and head of the University of Miami Combo and Studio Orchestra Department who has been a member of the Tanglewood Jazz Festival.

The first evening featured a concert by the Lake-Sumter Community College Studio Orchestra with Strings augmented by the Festival clinicians.

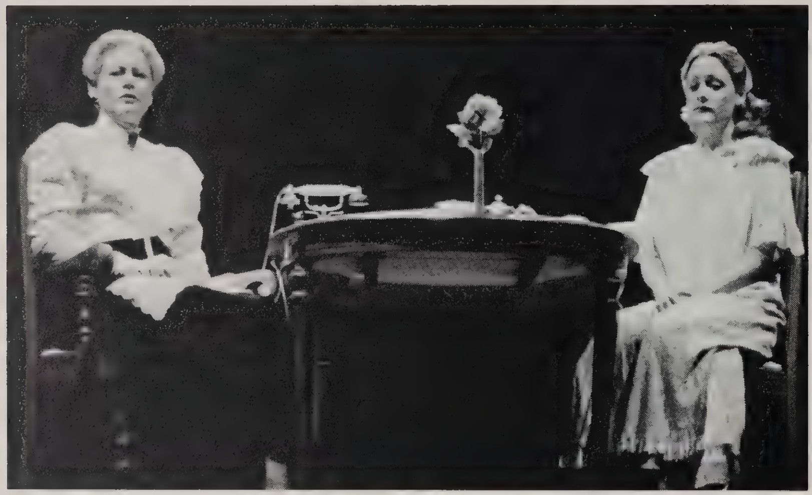
After a Saturday concert involving Festival clinicians and the Festival All-Star Band, the event concluded with Chuck Mangione's evening performance.

Sponsors of the Festival included the Lake County First National Bank and the Florida Fine Arts Council National Endowment for the Arts.

A Night of One Acts

This series of excerpts from plays was actually an assignment for the theatre class as a "breaking-in" for those new to the stage. In addition, it provided entertainment for the students and faculty on campus. "A Series of One Acts" is performed annually in the fall.

"A Day in the Life of the Author," a French farce, performed by Bebe Chudeusz, Anne Coleman and Margaret Cross



Anne Coleman and Margaret Cross in "Something Unspoken."

Sylvia Porter relaxes backstage.

Dan Wagner and Dale Likely also sporting Cyrano de Bergera noses.

Christmas Ball

Queen Eva Panlilio and King Greg Pelham

Christmas Court: Bonnie Winn, Raina Wheelock, Eva Panlilio, Beth Bragg, Greg Pelham, Phil McNutt, Chris Lang, and Steve Cameron

l Sykes and his date share a secret on the dance
or.

LSCC foreign students were honored at the Christmas Ball reception. Pictured are Erik Spankersberg, Alexandra Morales, Mr. James Rennie — LSCC instructor, Annemarie Stee, and Irene Schoemakers.

The annual Christmas Ball was held Dec. 11 in the LSCC gym. The semi-formal event featured the talents of guest band "Levi". A preliminary reception was held that morning at 11:00.

DANCE

By Tracy Crouch

With camera on shoulder and pen and paper in hand, I entered backstage to capture the activities of Dance Alive! — the dance company out of Gainesville, Florida. The scene was one of any stage performance — pre-showtime panic! Rushing about were individuals in search of hair spray or missing costume accessories, while those who were fully dressed limbered up and consumed mass quantities of sugar products for quick energy.

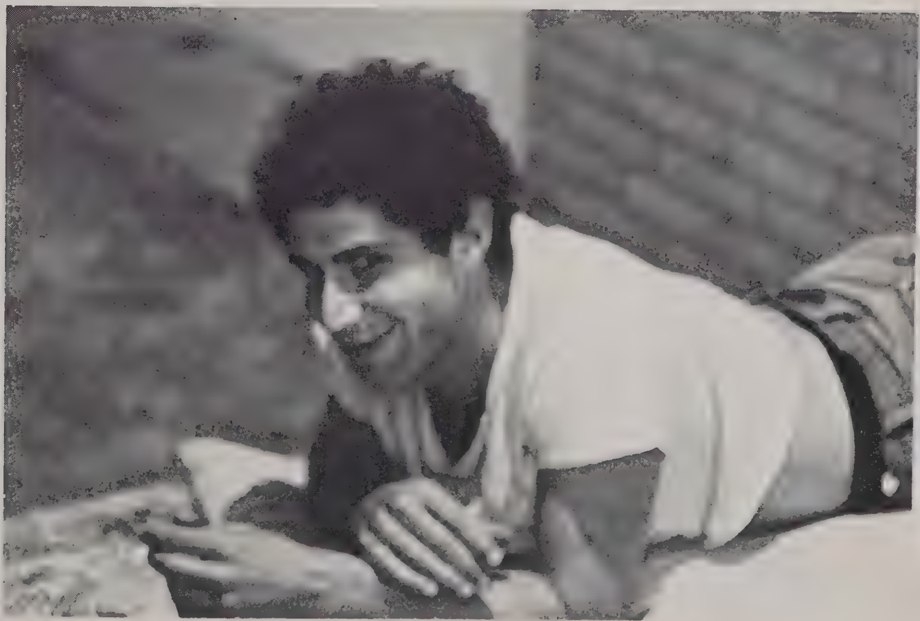
After some time of observation, I proceeded to the auditorium where I retired my position as journalist and assumed the role of spectator. Within minutes the curtain opened. Suddenly, that once dusty stage became the canvas for a Van Gogh original and that once fragmented group of teens were the colors swirled together to create a masterpiece.

The first number, which involved eight of the ten dancers, was more an introduction whereas the second selection "Brahms Hungarian Dances," as performed by the remaining two dancers, was most definitely a highlight. In this performance, Kathryn Dandois captured the spectators' hearts with her grace and perfection while the handsome Gaentano Welch amazed us with his strength and style. These two entertainers were undoubtedly the most popular of the evening, leaving the crowd breathless!

In addition to this highly emoting ballet, the repertory ranged from dynamic jazz to classical pas de deux. The program ended with a show-stopping contemporary dance, "Shorty George" by Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman.

If I had to briefly summarize my observations into a critical statement, it would read as follows: ". . . an extremely impressive and professional group of artists!"

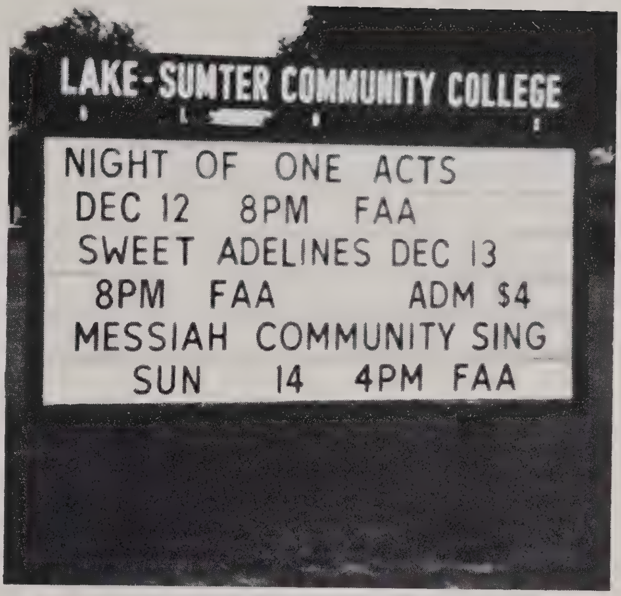
ALIVE!



SWEET ADELINES

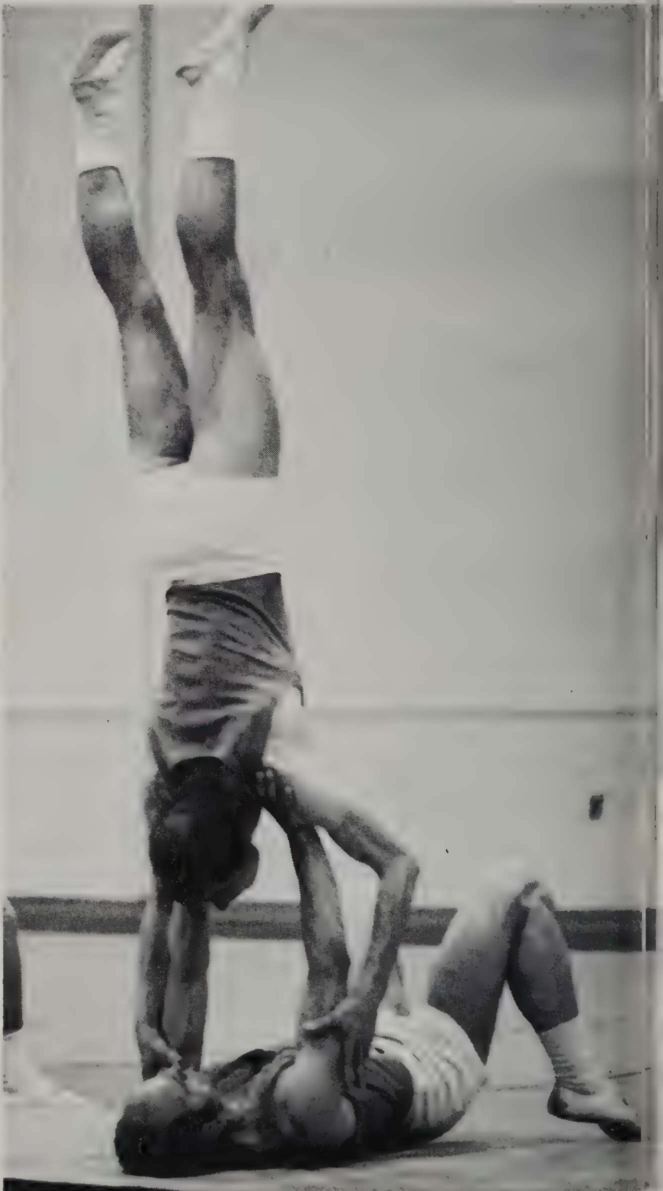
Sweet Adelines is an organization of women aged 15 to? who love to dance, smile, and sing four-part harmony, barbershop style. An international organization, it numbers over 35,000 and is made up of choruses and quartets. These groups range from 20 to 120 females from all around the world. Appropriately, their motto is "Harmonize the World." Both the quartets and the choruses compete yearly at regional competitions. Most gals make their own costumes and rehearsals each week.

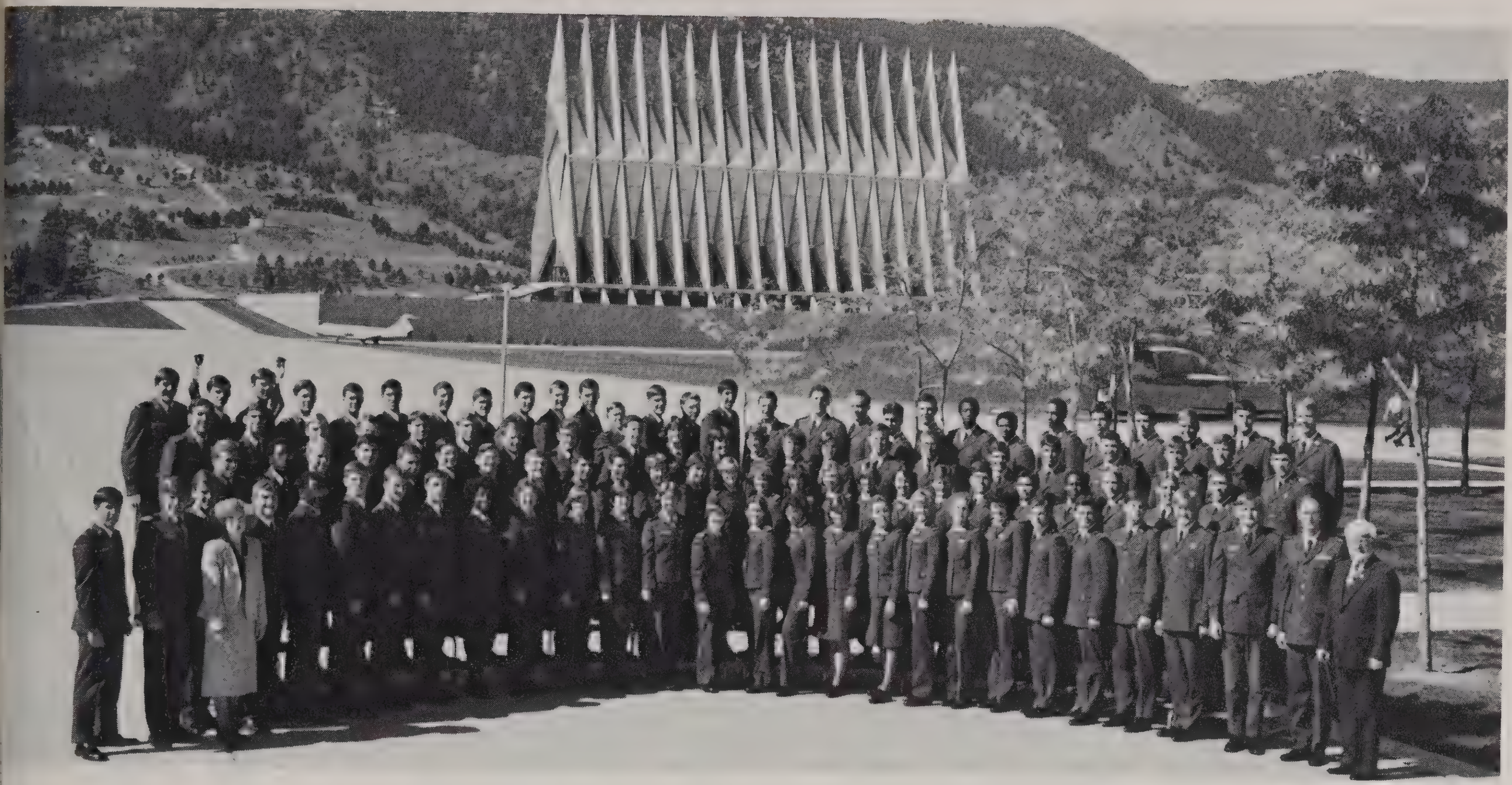
USO


LAKE-SUMTER COMMUNITY COLLEGE
NIGHT OF ONE ACTS
DEC 12 8PM FAA
SWEET ADELINES DEC 13
8PM FAA ADM $4
MESSIAH COMMUNITY SING
SUN 14 4PM FAA

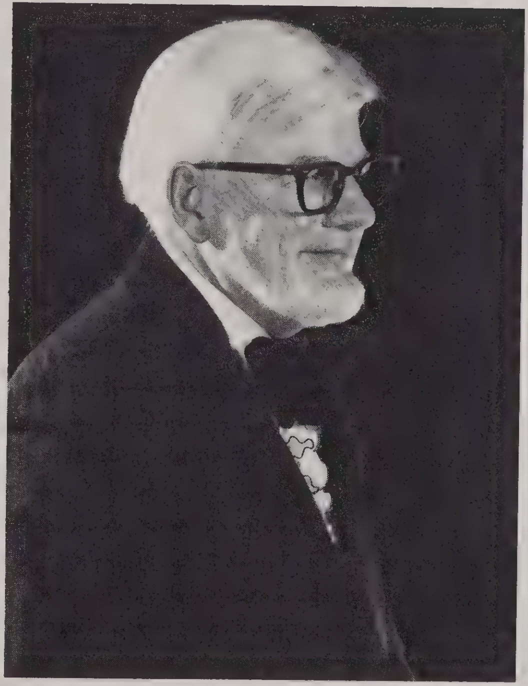
Danish Gym Team

Again this year, a gymnasium filled with spectators was awed by the talented gym team from Denmark. Lake-Sumter was pleased to welcome the Danish Gym Team, and hopes they return next year to dazzle students and others with their entertaining routines.





Miss Colleen F. Knehaus
Asst. for the Administration of Music
Asst. Director and Organist



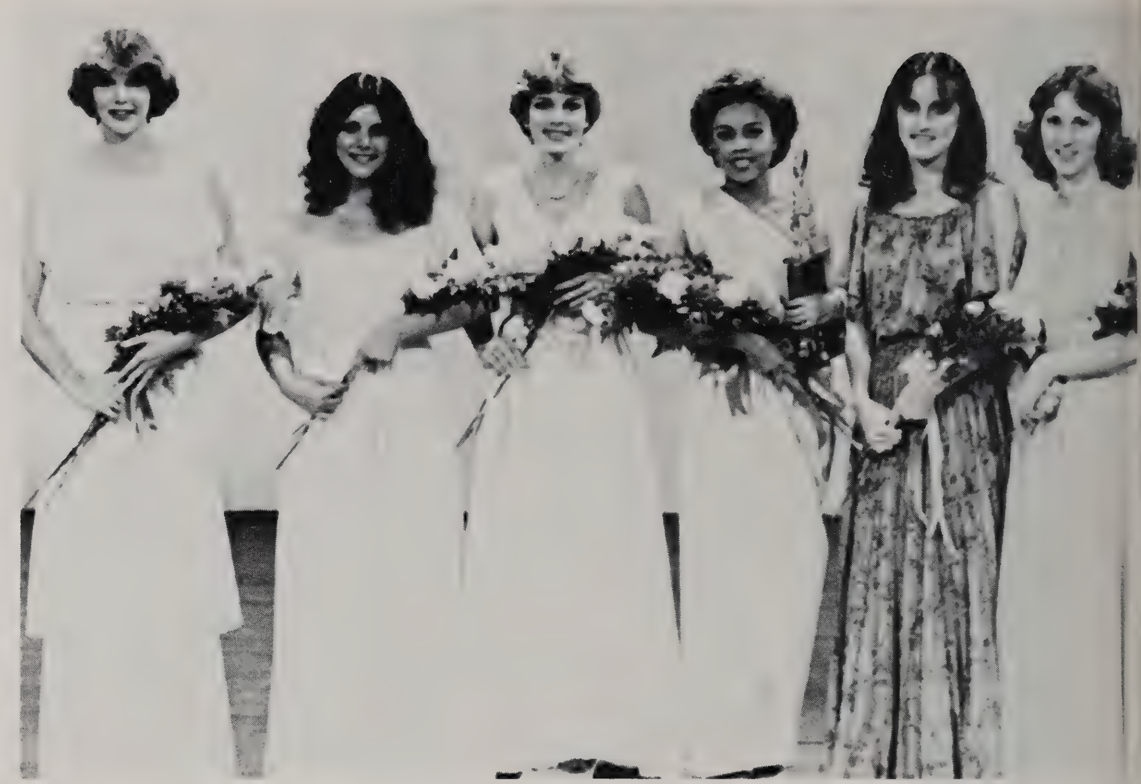
James Roger Boyd
Director

After three years of trying, L-SCC finally got the US Air Force Cadet Protestant Choir to be part of the Lyceum Series. The Members are volunteer cadets with an additional interest in music. The choir performed on October 24th for an audience of 1200 from the college and community. The following Monday afternoon, 600 high school students attended an additional concert.

U.S. Air Force Cadet

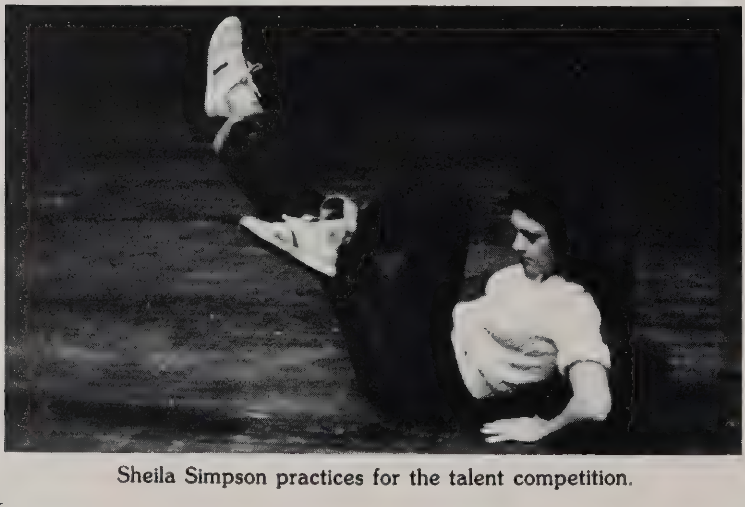
Prostestant Choir

MISS LAKE SUMTER



Debi Ottman — Miss Congeniality, Sheila Simpson — 3rd Runner-up, Michelle Kleimeyer — 1st Runner-up, Shandra Ayers — Miss LSCC, Carol Nicholas — 2nd Runner-up, Carole Coverston — 3rd Runner-up.

Miss Costa Rica attended the reception for Miss LSCC and is shown here with Bonnie Winn and Shandra Ayers.



Sheila Simpson practices for the talent competition.

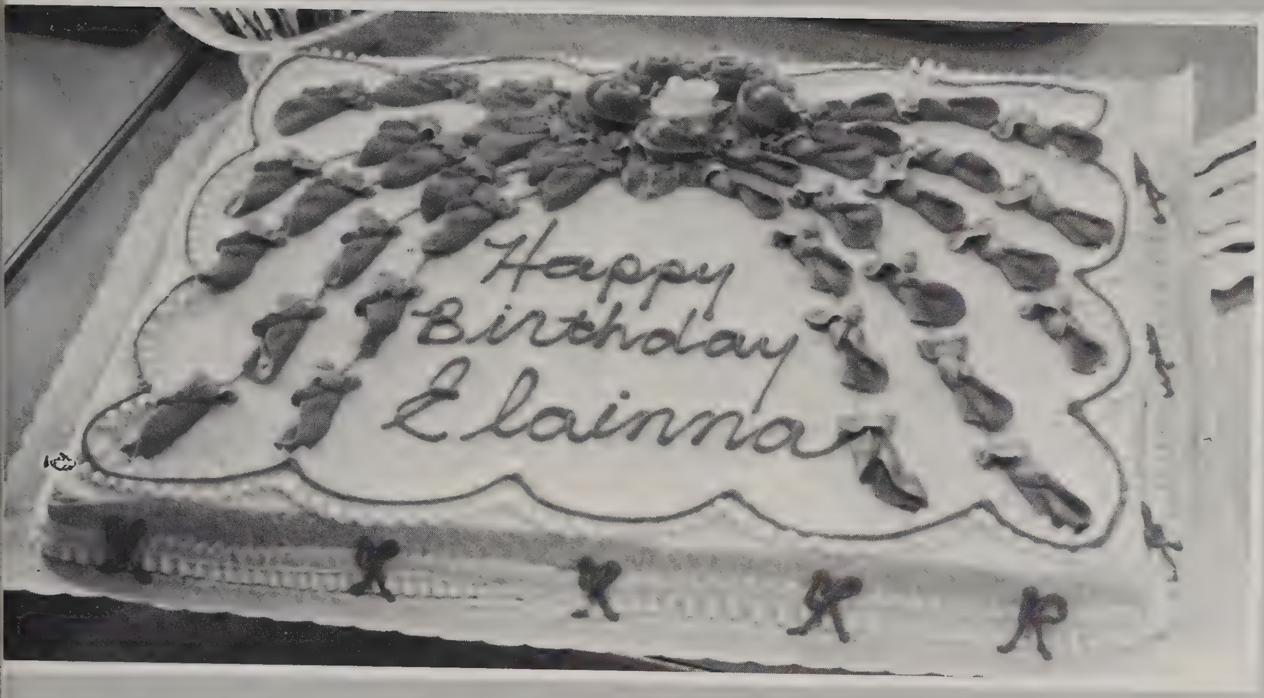
Debbie Ottman during rehearsal.

Miss Lake-Sumter Community College, Shandra Ayers, at the reception in her honor.

Michelle Kleimeyer is shown during a demonstration of Mary Kay Cosmetics.

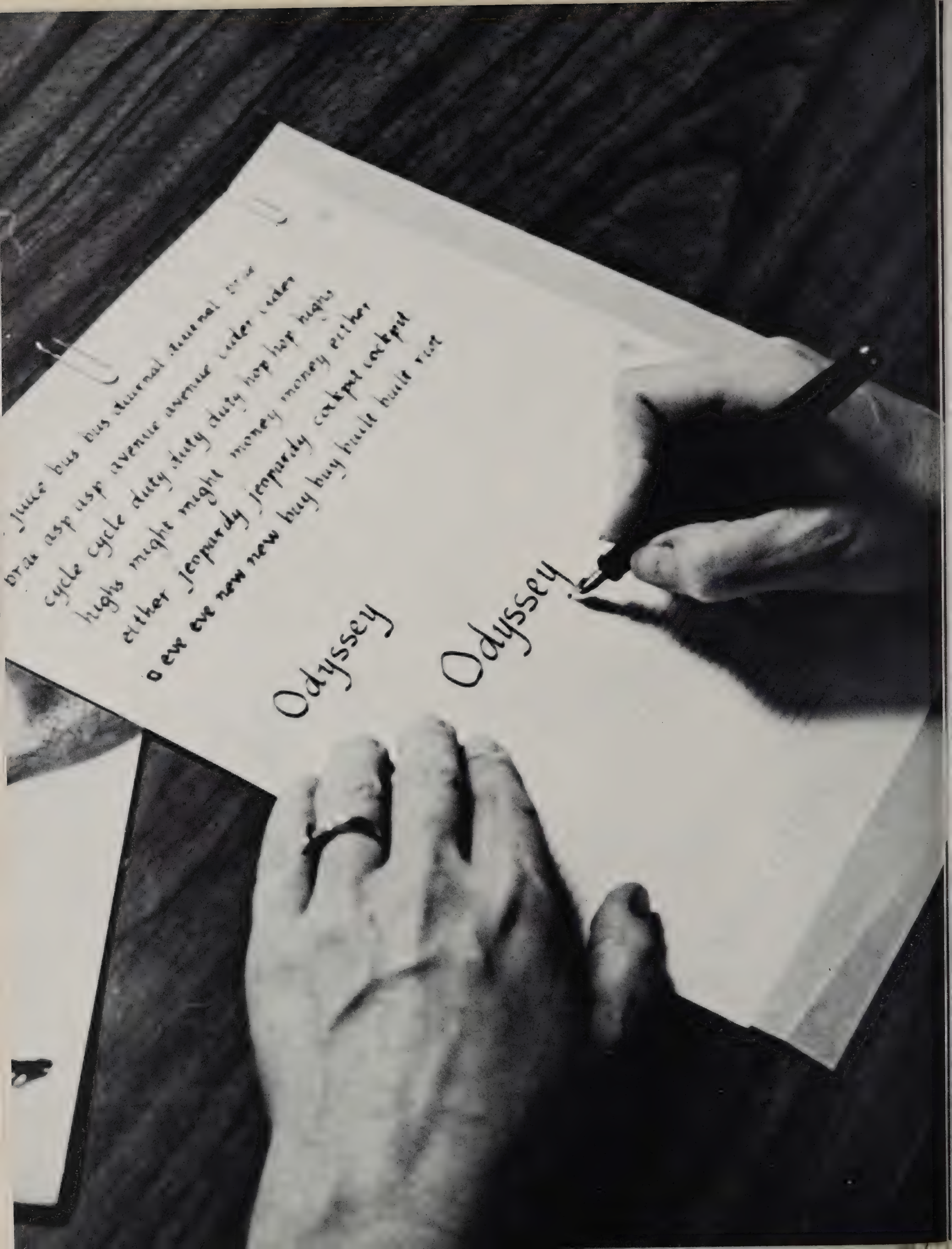
Miss LSCC contestants: Karen Kerr, Debi Ottman, Michelle Kleimeyer, Crystal Coulter, Sheila Simpson, Deana Hobbs, Carole Coverston, Carol Nicholas, and Linda Gunther.

The future before you,
you can't see;
But 'tis yours to make it
what it will be.
Believe in yourself and step out
unafraid!
You've the right to succeed;
the precision of skill,



Which betokens the great you can earn
if you will
The wisdom is yours if you'll read.
But you have to believe in yourself to
succeed.
Each year will pass, and more
challenges met.
But let us remember this one,
for it's your 20th.

Happy Birthday Lake-Sumter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Odyssey

SHORT STORIES

1st place
"The Magaguadivic" by Terri Wells

2nd
"BJ Didn't Answer" by Brack Johnson

3rd
"Murder in Okahumpka" by Greg Padgett

Honorable Mention
"The Contest" by Kyle Havill

PHOTOGRAPHY

1st place
Deep in Thought

2nd
Rainfrog

Honorable Mentions
Reflections
Blue Sink
All by Pat DeWolf

ART

1st place
Three Sailboats Before the Wind

2nd
Girl in the Grass

Honorable Mention
Roses
Forest
All by Jan Williams

POEMS

1st place
"Self-Portrait" by Kristi Utsler

2nd
"To My Friends of Summer" by Kristi Utsler

3rd
"To the American Bald Eagle" by Kristi Utsler

4th
"Onward" by Bobby Woodford

Honorable Mentions
"A New Realm" by Lisa Register
"Almost Identical" by Lisa Register

The Magaguadivic

The Magaguadavic is a river which for some sixty miles flows through New Brunswick, Canada. Its final destination is the Bay of Fundy, the body of water which separates New Brunswick from Nova Scotia. The Magaquadavic is a lovely, scenic river, in this respect much like any other river flowing in that region of North America. Also, like similar rivers in that area, its name is derived from Indian origins. However, the legend which gives the Magaguadavic its name is quite unusual and makes mention of unknown terrors in its crystal waters.

Situated along the Magaguadavic, a couple of miles from the mouth of the river, is the town of St. George. Since it was first established, the majority of the inhabitants of St. George have been hard-working, sensible fishermen. These fishermen, finding the old Indian name too cumbersome, knew the river as the Maggie. To them, this seemed to be a much more appropriate name since they came to think of the river as a beautiful, calm, gentle woman when compared with the hard, unyielding seas. They knew nothing about the river's ancient legend or the meaning of its name, and they did not care to know. One late fall evening in 1875, however, one of these fishermen of St. George, in his ignorance, came face to face with the Indian's legend.

Nathanial Morgan was a tall, sturdy young man. Like most of his brother fishermen in St. George, he prided himself on his own common sense. Sensibleness was a virtue and Nat took no nonsense from anyone. However, also like most sea-going men, there was in Nat's character a certain soft "spot", deeply ingrained, prone to superstitions. This "spot" can be found in men of similar circumstances all over the world, only the size differs.

That evening, Nat left the saloon in St. George a little early so that it would not be too dark before he arrived home. Unlike those of most of the fishermen, his home was not right in town but a few miles upsteam on the Maggie. This was unusual, but Nat found the area where he had built his house exceptionally lovely; for him, a needed change of pace from the constantly restless sea.

The sun was just beginning to set as Nat placed the oars of his little skiff in the water and began to row. The river was in its glory at this time of year with the leaves of the trees lining the banks dressed in their fall colors. The grass and moss of the forest around him was lush and deeply green. The setting sun for a few moments bathed the entire scene with a healthy, warm glow. Nothing unknown or terrifying could dwell here.

But with the setting of the sun, the rich glow was replaced by a cool, gray dusk. The trees no longer seemed warmly alive. Instead, they became only shadows throwing shadows. The water was an icy-looking sheet and the birds and insects, so loud just before, were suddenly muffled. Not shivered at this abrupt reminder of the coming winter.

As he rowed on, it seemed to Nat that with each descending stroke of his oar came a heightening of the fallen; and with no moon, it was pitch black. Only his knowledge of the river kept Nat from running aground. With the unusually quick nightfall came also a distinct silence. No birds, insects or other animals could be heard; no leaves rustled in the trees. It was as if a black shroud had fallen across the river.

All of this made even the sensible Nat Morgan uneasy and he rowed as fast as he could in the awful darkness. It was cold also and Nat shivered beneath the two pullover sweaters he was wearing. All he wanted at that moment was to be home in bed with many warm covers over him.

Nat was only a couple of miles from his goal when he rowed into a spot suddenly bright with an eerie sort of light. The trees had a phosphorescent glow to them and the water sparkled in a vast array of colors, like a crystalline prism held up to a light.

This eerie light of no apparent source dealth a severe blow to the soft superstitious spot in Nat Morgan's soul. No longer was it a vague, greasy feeling of unease that he felt in his stomach. It was a large lump of terror that now knotted up his insides. And no matter how hard he tried to quell this feeling, to keep it from reaching his head and totally unnerving him, it continued to grow. The common sense which Nat was so proud of, had no defense against fear of this kind, fear of the unknown.

It was while Nat was battling his senses and his mind, that he saw the small waves rippling through the water some distance behind the skiff. It was obvious something was beneath the water, moving toward him, and with some speed. Nat grabbed his oars and began to row as fast as his arms could pump, but it was like rowing through the glittering water green-mottled, leather like skin. But with this brief sighting, the thing vanished.

Then Nat heard a muffled roar, like thunder at a distance. His little boat began to rock, at first gently but gradually with much more force, until it seemed to Nat he was back on the ocean in the midst of a storm.

Suddenly, with a deafening roar, the crystal water broke. Mighty waves plunged everywhere and not three feet away from Nat a mighty, ridged head split the surface and rapidly rose to tower over Nat in his little rowboat.

Nat, as terror finally engulfed his body and mind, looked high above to a huge, gaping, red mouth from which the continuous piercing roar was coming. From these gaping jaws a whip-like tongue snapped the air. Water and saliva cascaded from between jagged teeth and drenched Nat in the rolling boat below. Horns stood out on a scaly nose and behind these a small, bright orange eye glowed. It never seemed to catch sight of Nat or his tiny boat.

All of this Nat saw in the space of a few moments. In the next moment, he could see that the ridged serpent body was beginning to move forward once again and the red/green neck was rapidly returning to the water. Nat and his rowboat were directly in its path.

Nat had lost an oar, so there was no possibility of rowing out of the way, even if there had been time. So, forcing his numbed mind and body to work, Nat jumped.

Nat jumped hard, and as he jumped he heard the crashing and tearing of the wooden skiff as it was crushed and dragged to the depths of the river below. Before he could even heave a sigh of relief, though, Nat was struck in the head by a fin of the monster. He managed to reach the bank of the river and then everything went blank.

Nat awoke the next morning on the bank, damp from the river and the early morning dew. His head hurt and he had no memory of the night before. However from the evidence which presented itself. Nat was able to explain the unusual circumstances to himself. He assumed that once again he had become drunk, had attempted to row home but in his stupor had finally broken up his skiff on the many treacherous rocks in the river. This he confirmed by finding numerous pieces of splintered wood from the boat. Satisfied, he walked home.

The next day in town, that is the story which he told. Many of his fellow fishermen found it as amusing as he himself did. But the Indians of the area who finally heard the story knew better. They had heard the unearthly roar from the river that night and knew that the terror for which the Magaguadavic was named had returned.

Deep in Thought

NATURE'S PHENOMINA

The breath of the bellowing breeze,
The blowing of bickering leaves
Seems Nature is calling to us to take heed
Of her deeply desperate need.

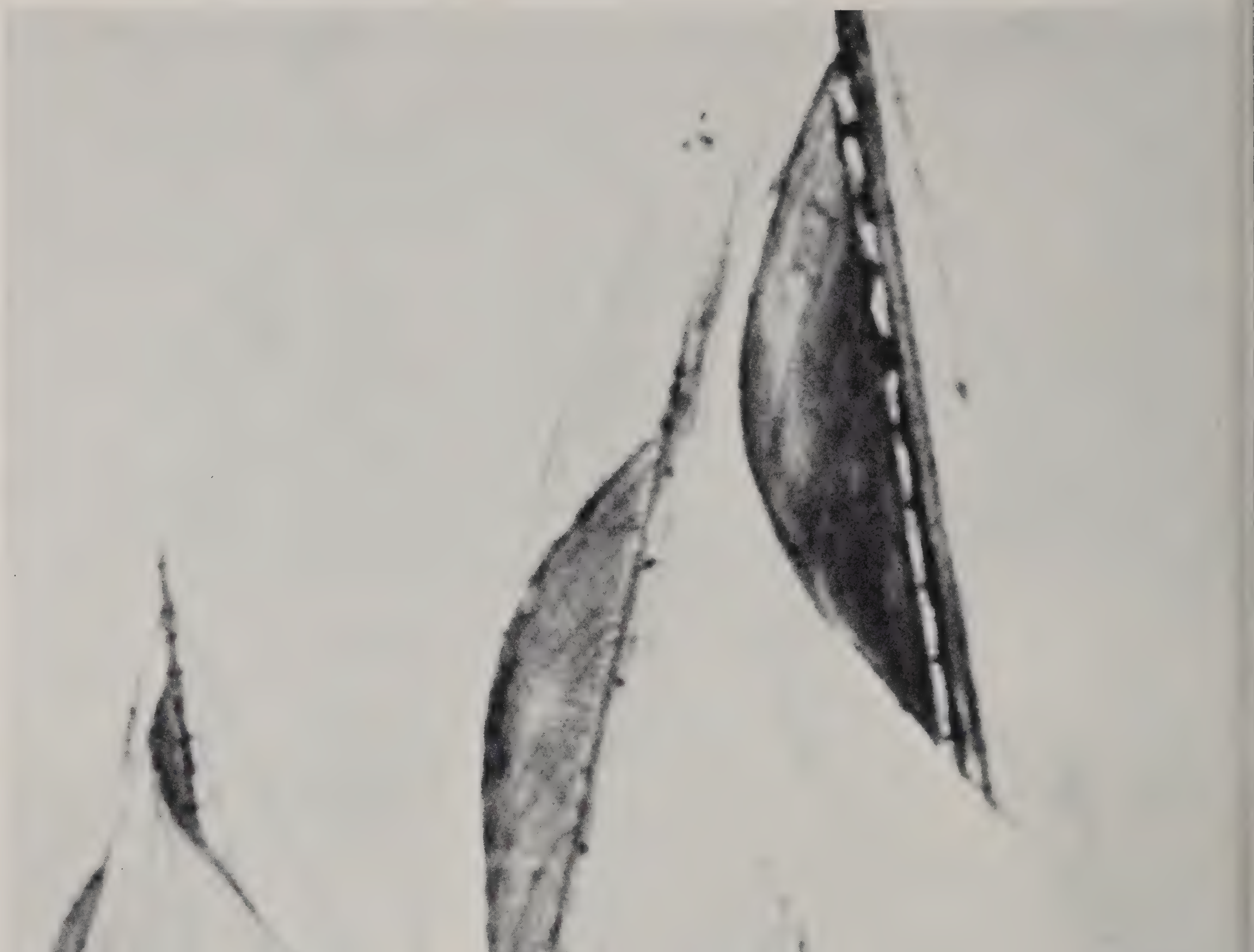
The dark desolation of night
The jubilant sun shining bright.
The white puff-balls soft in the sky
Hint of a tear that may be in Her eye.

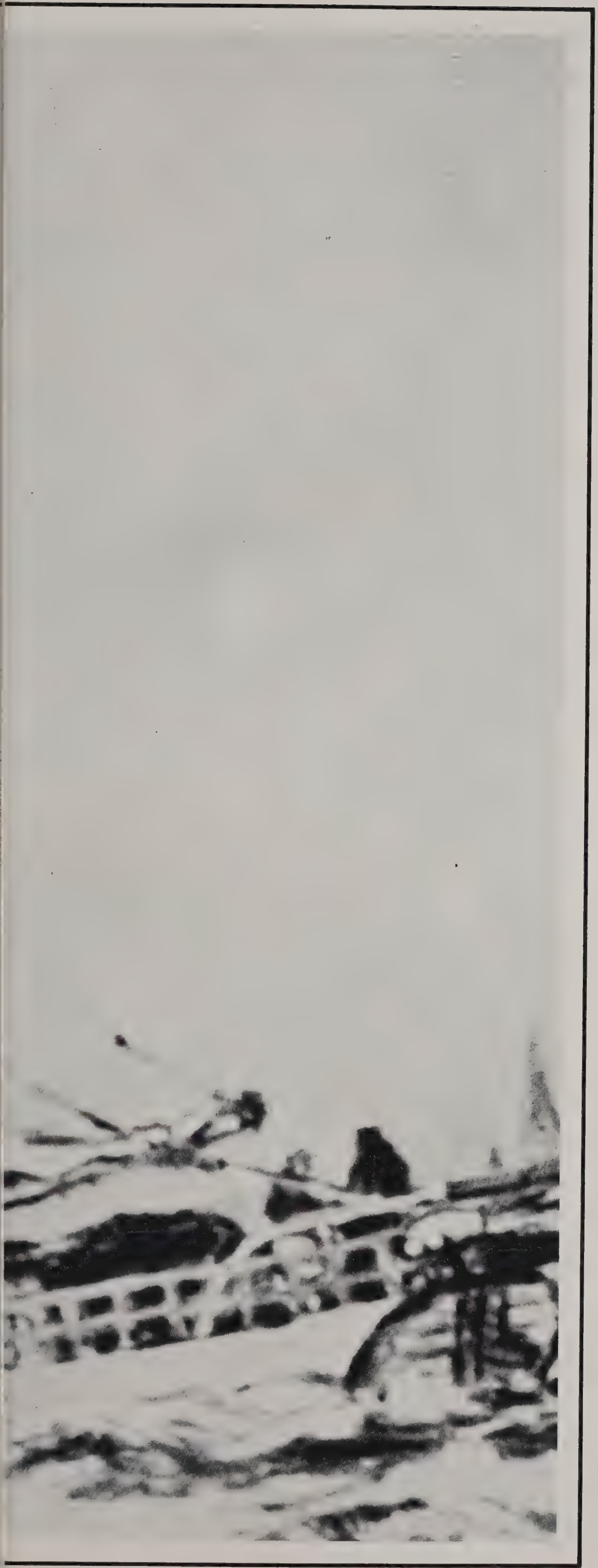
Suddenly thunder through the weathered window pane
Warns us of Nature's anger and the coming rain.
She yells to us and flashes that fire in Her eyes
As we observe the madness in Nature's skies.

The angry, the lonely, the happy, the sad:
Nature shows feelings we also have had.
Bobby Woodford

SELF PORTRAIT

Like a tree
I stand
quite content to grow
where I am planted.
I sway when breezes come
and I bend far,
so very far
when the winds beat
against me
but never do I break.
I just turn my leaves
from the world to the sun.
Kristi Utsler





Three Ships Before the Wind

B.J. Didn't Answer

At one time or another everyone comes close to losing a loved one; sometimes they do.

The day started out clear and sunny, but by noon dark thunder clouds were threatening. I live on about two acres of land just north of the Green Swamp. There I have an old twelve-foot-wide trailer and a utility shed; it's not much, but we're satisfied for now. Next door are my in-laws. They have a double-wide and a few acres. A four-foot fence surrounds all our property. There are a few other families on the other side of us. The area has some cleared farmland, with mostly low hanging oak trees and underbrush.

I was out tuning up my car and looking forward to watching football on TV later. My wife, Sharon, asked me to keep an eye on our son, B.J., while she went to the store, saying that he was over at his Grandma's house. B.J. was about two and a half years old, with blonde hair and blue eyes. I always thought, "the poor kid's going to grow up looking like his old man."

Since I knew he was OK, I went back to work. About twenty minutes later my brother-in-law came over. He's about twenty-three and smart enough to stay single and still live at home. He asked me where B.J. was, thinking B.J. had come outside to help me with the car, I hadn't seen him or heard him. I thought I'd better see what he was up to.

I called for him; there was no answer.

I looked in both houses, thinking he was playing in one of the rooms. No luck.

In the back of the property, we had built a chicken house, barn, and a pig pen. B.J. loved the animals but we wouldn't let him go back there by himself. I looked all over. Still, I couldn't find him.

There had been times I had lost sight of him, but when I had called there had always been an answer.

But now came a call from my mother-in-law, June, saying she had discovered that his friend, a little Peeka-poo dog named Pudgee, was missing, too. I started getting worried now.

My son was about two feet eight inches tall, strong for his size, and not afraid of anything. He could climb the four foot hog wire fence around our yard, but he had never left the yard before. The other day B.J. had been up by the road looking for chicken eggs. I looked; he wasn't there.

I thought maybe B.J. had been up by the road and having seen his mother drive by, walked down the road after her.

The paved road runs North and South across the front of our property. South seemed to be the most likely way B.J. would have walked since we have taken walks along the road before. John started walking south from the barn across an open field to the tree line and heavy brush. I walked down the road calling out, "B.J., where are you?" There was no answer.

Then the thought hit me, maybe someone had seen him walking along this road and picked him up. I thought of how parents were torn up by losing a child and never seeing him again. I continued walking till I came to the large oak hammock. Along it there is an old road off to the right. One time we had gone down there and had found hundreds of tiny frogs. He loved them. I called and called till I came to the end of the old road. No answer.

When I returned to our house, it was getting dark, with all the thunder clouds growing bigger. I told June to call the store and tell Sharon to come home. John drove to town in case she hadn't gone to that store. My father-in-law, John Sr., had been ill and couldn't get around very well. He asked some hunters if they had seen a little boy. They hadn't but they offered to help us look for him.

I tried to think where B.J. would go and where we have looked for him. It had been about two hours since we started looking. In the East there was a large open field with a barbed wire fence. To the North there were about six other houses. Word had spread through the neighborhood and our friends had started looking for him, too. To the West, behind our house, was open land, with a few trees sectioned off by fences. I felt the area South and West was the place he most likely would be.

Sharon finally got home and the more I told her what happened the more she cried, saying, "What if he was kidnapped? What if we never see him again?" This shook me up, so I hurried back to looking again before I lost all feeling of reality.

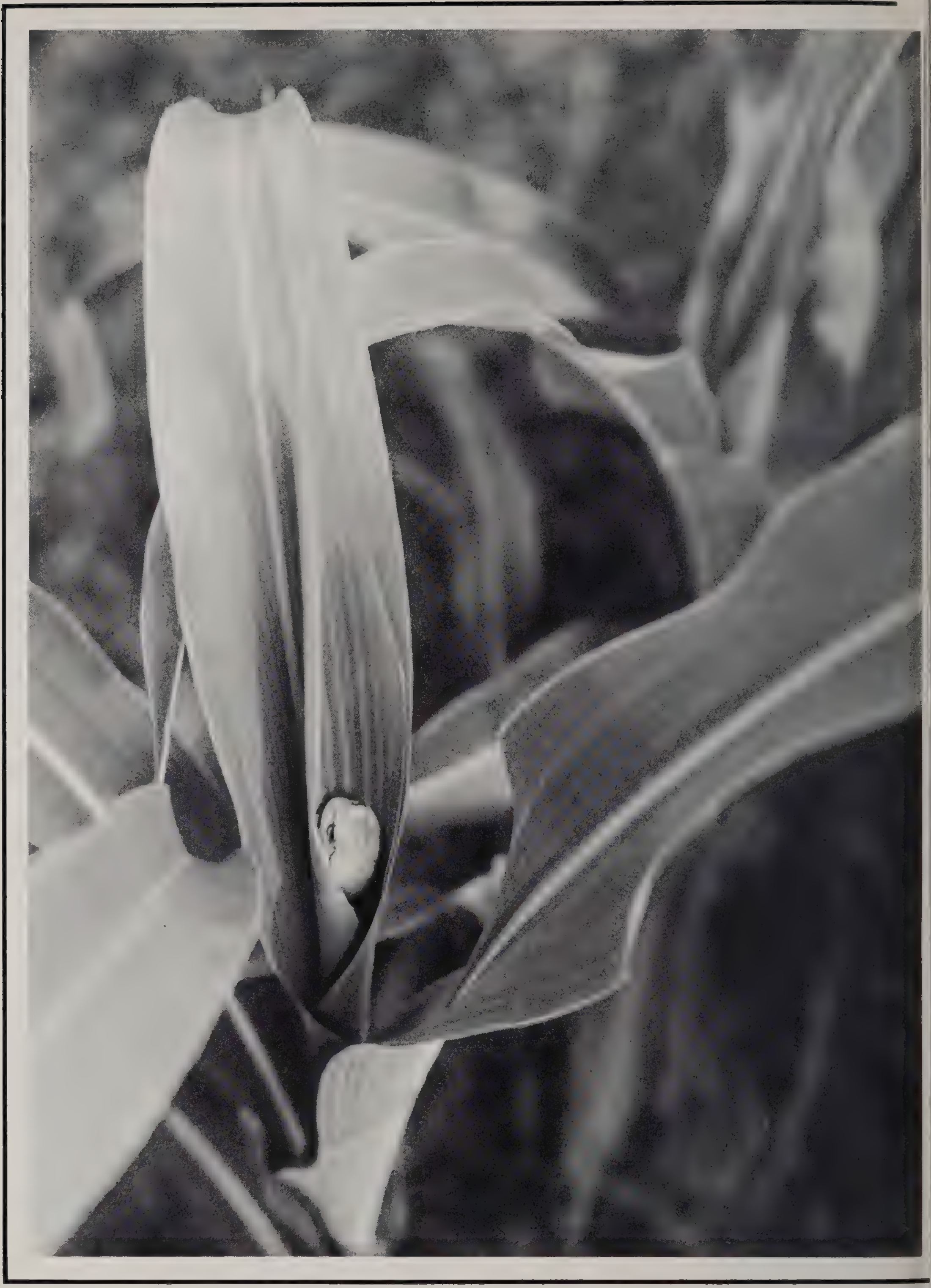
Several of the neighbors hiked West through the large open pastures and I jumped on my motor bike to cover ground faster. I went south down the road and made the turn onto the old road checking the area again. When I got to the end of the road, I climbed the fence, left my bike, and headed West, parallel with everyone else. There were lots of bushes and a few tall pines ahead. I could hear the thunder close by and knew it would rain at any minute. As I called for B.J., I could hear other people calling for him, too. I would hear rustling in the bushes and go tearing into them, only to discover a few birds flying away. About three hours had gone by and it was starting to rain. I was keeping up a jogging pace though the weeds were so tall I could hardly see where I was going. I thought of how B.J. must feel right now: wet, lost, confused, and scared. With all these briars he was most likely scratched all over. Then, off to my right I heard someone yell, "There he is!"

I ran straight ahead, broke through the weeds and there he was about one hundred feet in front of me, on an old flatbed trailor standing like a tower of strength without a stitch of clothing on!

By the time I got there he was crying. I think all the yelling and cheering scared him. I hugged and kissed him as I cried, ever so thankful we had found him. All he could say was, "Me and Pudgee went camping."

For awhile I had been scared we had lost him for good. The news spread fast as the rain came down hard and everyone scattered for home.

Rainfrog



Children

The rustling leaves have tumbled down the road.
I long to gather them back to forever hold.

The shivering silence hangs on the air
It is frightening to see the season so bare.

I miss the small seeds
That grew to be the rose of my life.
I miss nurturing them,
I miss the jubilant joy and the strife.

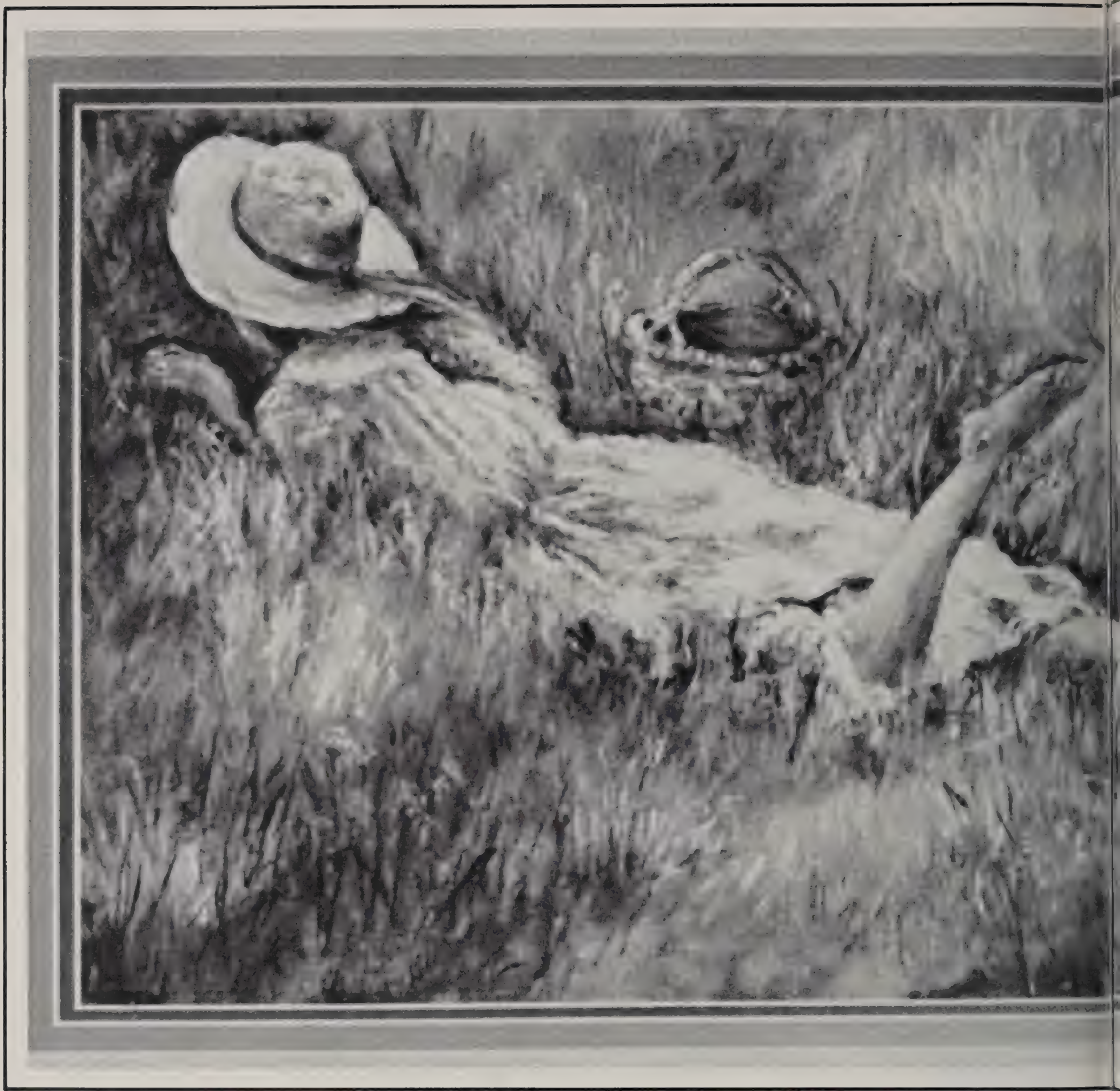
But as the seasons turn
I will adjust to the change.
Different seeds will be planted,
Yet, things, oddly, will never seem the same.

Bobby Woodward

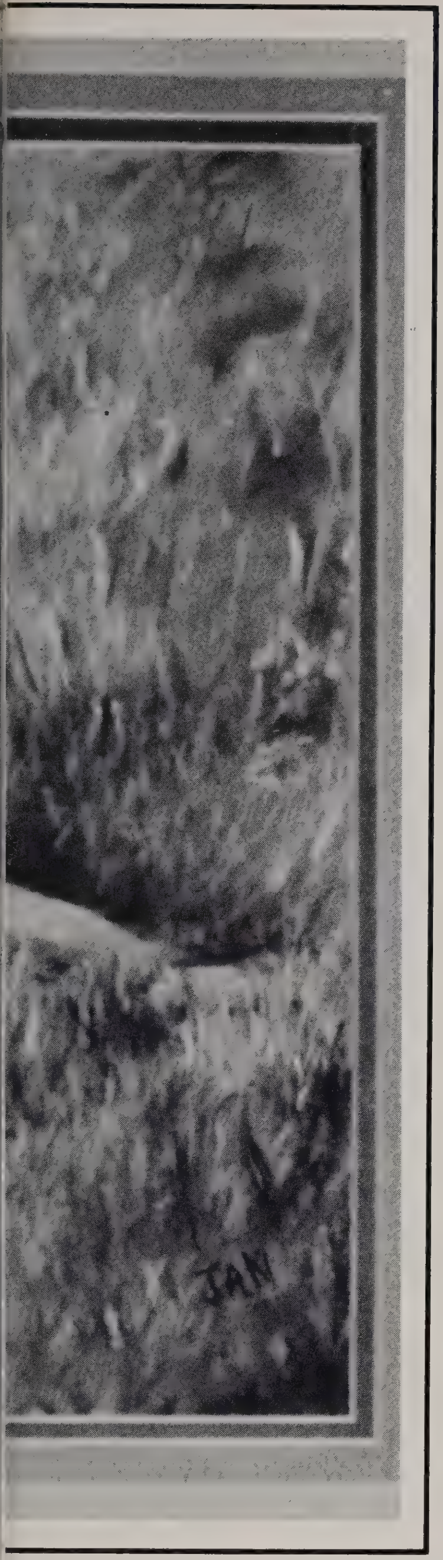
Almost Identical

Such a fine line,
   a short time,
When the fight bright sun
   turns around to become
      a storm.
Suddenly dark and so harsh
   uncertain
except when you see it
   at extreme
then, you know it's time.
            Lisa Register

Reflections



Girl in Grass



To my friends of Summer

You are like the clouds,
  more than you will ever know.
    What are clouds?
  They are dust and water and air
    put together in God's design.
    And what of us?
  We are dust and water and air
    put together in God's design.
You are like the clouds,
  Clouds can float lazily along
    casting gay images to all those who watch.
  Clouds can lay heavy and dark
    shading all light from the world.
  Clouds can fight against all that lives
    striking out with angry misbegotten energy.
  Clouds can give themselves completely
    raining away their existence so others might grow.
You are like the clouds,
  Clouds are odd creations
    full of graceful peace and vision.
  Clouds can change shape and color
    and even in the worst there is some good.
You are like the clouds
  more than you will ever know.

Kristy Utsler

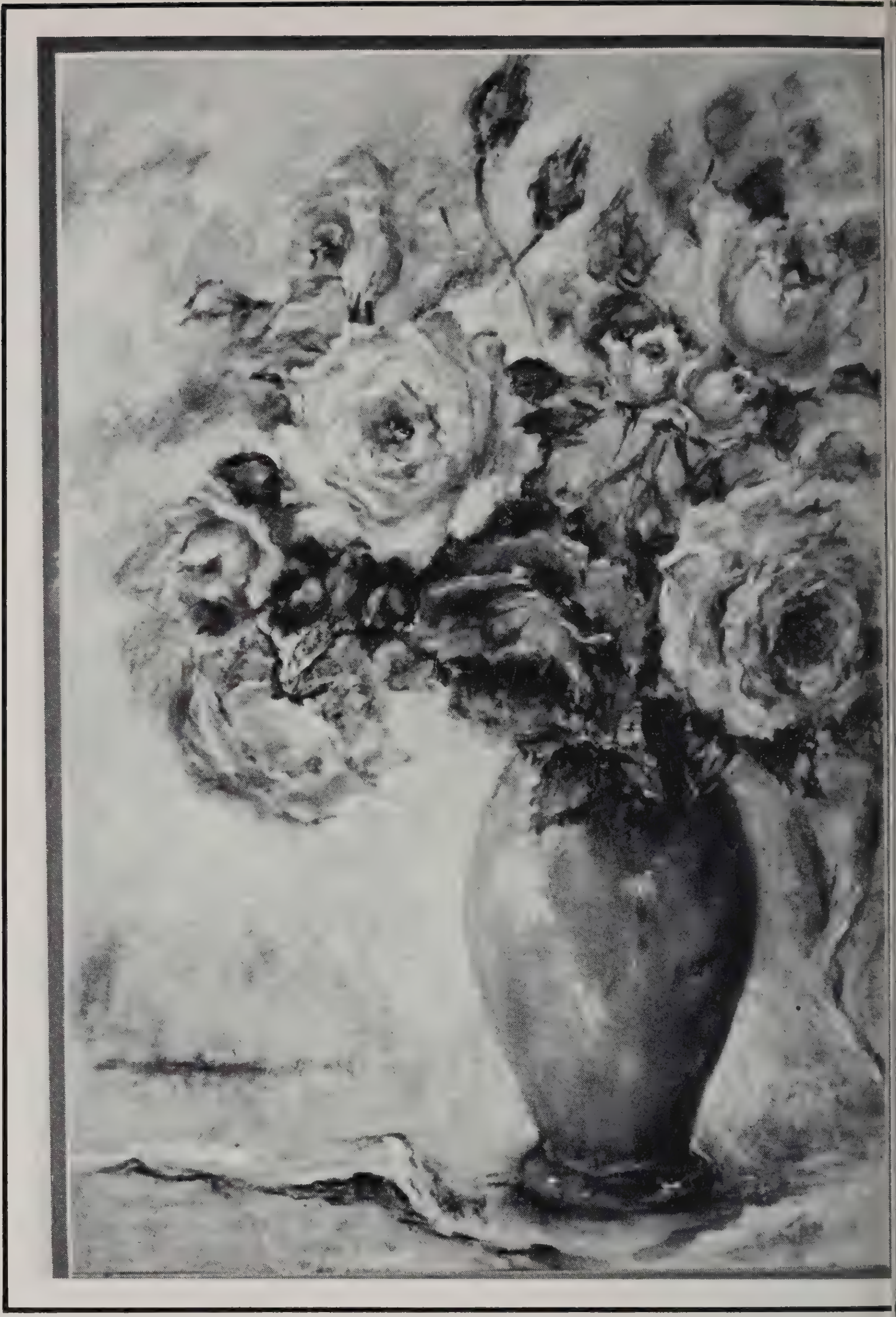
A NEW REALM

We call it
  "a new realm"
discovered between us during
that short intersection of our lives.
Not friends nor lovers
but a part of each still waiting
  to be whole.

The hope being, Faint
  for we don't know which road
    we'll choose,
and if we will ever meet,
again to make that decision.
But we can only remember yesterday,

and how beautiful and complete
  was that time of our lives,
for with our expecting
  More in the future,
I am content in loving you
  just the way
I do now.

Lisa Register



Roses

Onward

Now the end has come once again.
I am the word that has yet to be penned.
The word that will go onward in time
With no use, no rhythm, no rhyme.
Just a word that has yet to find meaning
On some blank line.

Now all words but mine can rest again;
I have yet to be colored by any pen;
But I have been washed away many a time
From a quicksilver start to a quick finish line.

The tables are turned and I linger once more,
Going onward in time
With no use and no rhyme,
Just shut this thought out of your mind
And I'll fade away . . .

I'll fade away . . .

I'll fade away. . . . .

Bobby Woodford

Time

Time wistfully flows toward you
As the waves bountifully roll in.
You dream of lingering in its presence
But suddenly it's captured by the wind.

There you stand,
A desolate stranger in the sand,
The sand that so naively hides your feet
As you watch time pass away
Into the seas so dark and deep.

As you watch the sands of time
Travel through a looking glass.
Grains softly fall on a seashore of the past.
Footsteps washed away by an incoming tide . . .

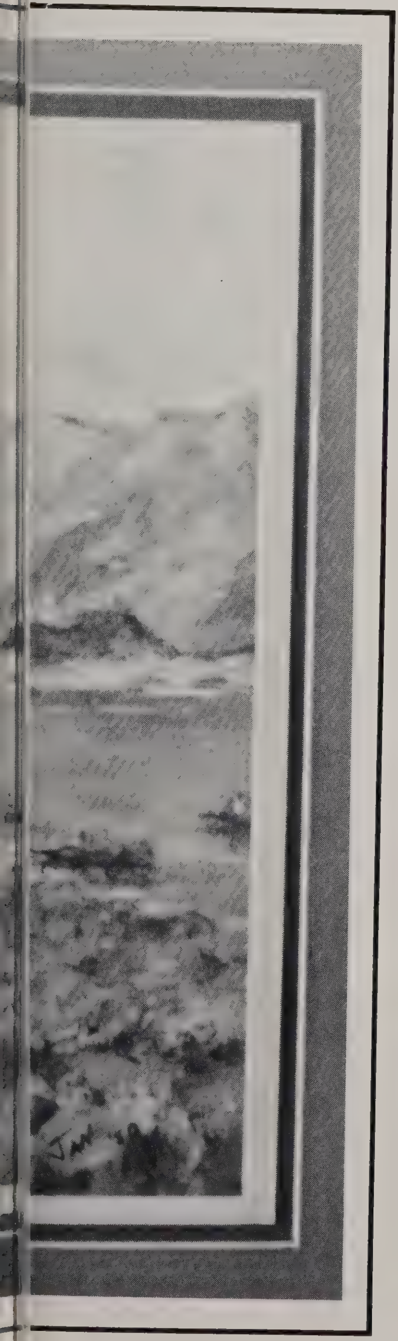
Shadows of yesterday drift further and further aside . . .
behind . . . .
they will abide. . . . .

Bobby Woodford

BUILD

The only walls that confine us,
  are the walls we build ourselves.
Walls built of character and spirit,
  make us a structure of pride.
Walls that make a home for our memories we cherish,
  good or bad.
With these memories,
  together we build an architectural wonder.
Trella Mott

Forest



THE WEATHER

Like a contagious disease
it affects everyone
A ruler of the earth;
we worship it,
for in itself is the future of our life.

It is located everywhere and travels,
interrupting our direction
and choosing a path for us
to follow . . .

Infinite and precise
it cannot be dominsted—
for it itself controls

Unconcerned children know not of it,
until they learn
and must abide by its rules.

A misunderstood paradox,
turning on you—
but you can count on it every instant.

It can perform a blessing and a catastrophe with one act;
each man must tell the difference.

Though a knowledgeable man knows some it hides its secrets
that hold the world together

And this, we hope,
will never be revealed

The Weather.

Lisa Register

THE RUNNER

All alone down a long-stretching highway
an analyst perceiving,
looking for a better way.
pat,
pat,
another one passes, going the other way,
Oh wait . . .
But it's no use
All he sees is imagination
All he knows is concentration.
Running not to arrive
Yes, all alone down a long-stretching highway
changeless and unending.

Lisa Register

MURDER IN OKAHUMPKA

Okahumpka forms part of the cattle-ranching industry of central Florida. Okahumpka is a small town of about four hundred people; therefore, no one's actions go unnoticed. The only thing mentionable in the way of business in Okahumpka are two convenience stores and a feed mill.

Bob Welch worked on a cattle ranch about five miles south of the feed mill. I first became acquainted with Bob at the feed mill, where he was purchasing supplies.

I learned a great deal about Bob when I delivered some fence posts out to his ranch. He told me his employer was Edward Stewart. Mr. Stewart was a wealthy banker who lived in Georgia, and had purchased the ranch for investment purposes. "So you can set your own hours to work," I replied. It seemed to me Bob was the type that preferred leisure to work.

However, there were several things Bob was required to do as a ranch hand. He had to feed the cows, repair fences, and clear some land. The feed mill stocked the supplies for Bob to carry on his duties. Naturally, Bob was a customer at the feed mill often. He bought a great variety of things, but Mr. Stewart never complained about his monthly bill.

After working a few months alone, Bob decided he needed help. He hired John Craft, a man from Wildwood. If anyone fitted the role of a redneck from Wildwood, it was John Craft. Although Bob hired John as a helper, it was obvious that John decided what work was to be done. Nevertheless, the two ranchers kept coming by the feed mill very often. They were buying all kinds of things, and I often wondered what they could be doing with them.

Right across the road from the Stewart ranch was another ranch owned by Leonard Welper. Lately, Mr. Welper noticed a few of his cows were missing. He decided to go and ask Bob about the problem. Bob said, "I ain't seen a truck over in your pasture, but I will let you know if I see anything." "I would appreciate it," replied Mr. Welper, "but right now I am going to call the sheriff's department." When Mr. Welper notified the sheriff, the sheriff promptly notified Mr. Stewart. However, Mr. Stewart was not surprised about the information.

Still, Bob and John were doing very little work on the ranch. As much as they talked about working, evidence of progress on the ranch was very little. There was no way they could be working much, because I would often see them traveling down the road or at some place else besides the ranch.

Then one day in the middle of the summer Mr. Stewar went to his ranch to confront Bob and John about why his cows were missing. Cliff Johnson, a local farmer, wen along with Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart planned to fire Bob and John and replace them with Cliff, because he had found out that his two ranch hands were the ones rustling his cows.

By repeatedly attending the local cattle auction, Mr Stewart and Cliff noticed some of the Stewart herd being sold. Through checking the receipts, they found the checks were issued to Bob Welch and John Craft.

Upon going to work this summer day, I noticed severa sheriffs pass by me. They were headed in the direction o the Stewart ranch. So I decided to follow the sheriffs and see where they were going. As I approached the Stewar ranch, I could see about five sheriff's cars out in the pasture. The sheriffs had blocked off the driveway, so started back to the feed mill. I had gotten about a mile down the road when a friend stopped me. He told me tha Mr. Stewart and Cliff Johnson had been found dead in a hammock at the back corner of the Stewart ranch.

As I drove down the road, I kept thinking about who might be the murderer. Nothing like this had ever happened in Okahumpka. I wondered if somebody knew of Mr. Stewart and figured he had a lot of money with him Therefore, if they robbed Mr. Stewart and then killed him and the farmer, they would not be identified. Nevertheless, I stayed at work trying to figure out who might be guilty of these murders.

At this moment I saw the truck which belonged to Mr Stewart, but was used by the ranch hands, being towed down the road. I figured maybe, since Mr. Stewart was dead, the sheriff was responsible for impounding his equipment.

By the time I got off work, news of the murders had spread throughout Okahumpka. No one had any idea of who the murderers might be.

I went to work the next day. I was troubled that something like this had happened so close to home. Usually Bob and John would have been by the feed mill, but they had not been by the last couple of days. I figured they were staying at the ranch keeping people from bothering things.

Nevertheless, I walked across the feed mill parking lot to pick up the newspaper. When I opened the paper, the headlines read, “Pair of Suspects Arrested in Okahumpka Murder.” I figured this was a pair of Cubans or Mexicans. As I read the article I was startled to find that Bob Welch and John Craft were the suspects.

The confession of Bob was printed in the paper. He said John suggested, “We have to kill them.” “I can’t, I can’t,” replied Bob. “We have no other choice, because we will go to jail for rustling anyway,” snapped John. “As we were walking out of the hammock, I heard John fire his gun and kill Stewart; the I had to kill Johnson,” was Bob’s reply to the sheriff.

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